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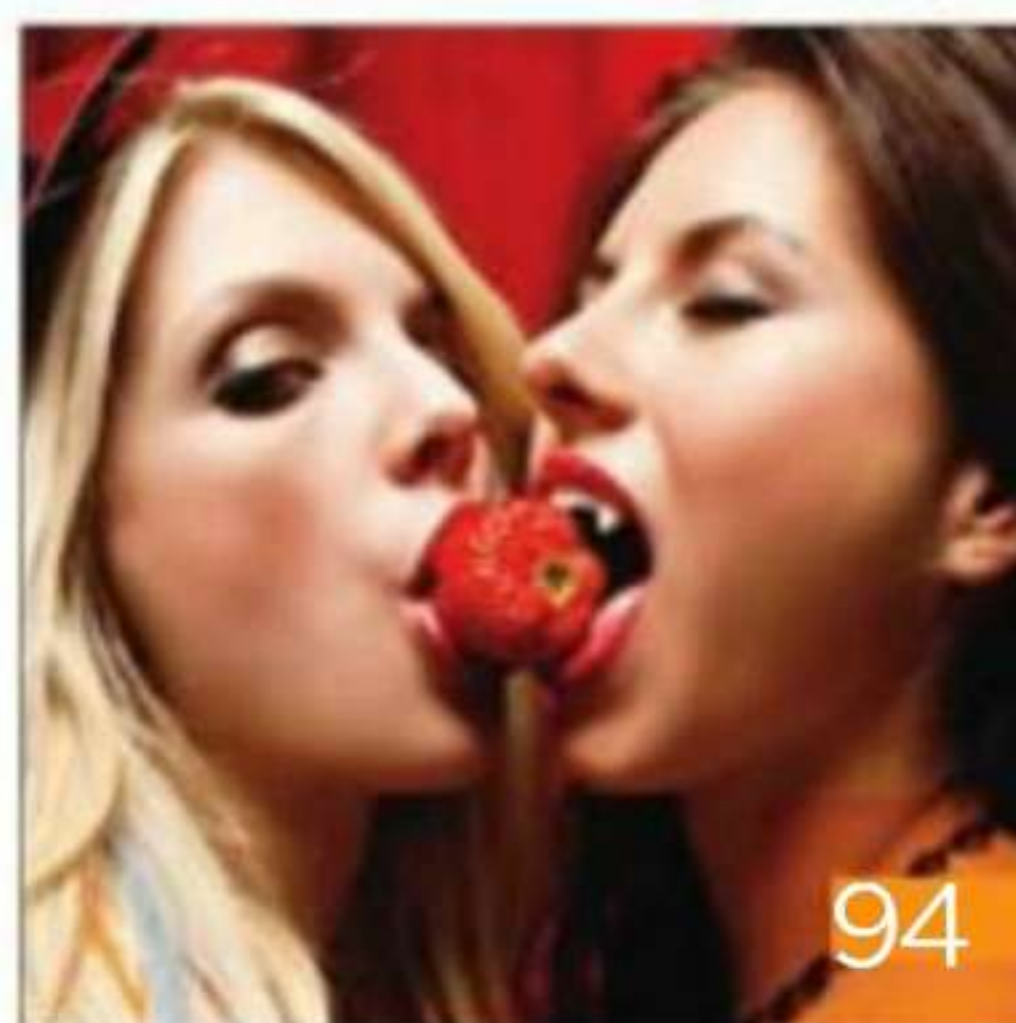
XBOX 360



PS3



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**Pet of the
Month**
Jenna Rose
page 56

PICTORIALS

32 **Sex Kitten Kane**

Nikki Kane

56 **La Vie en Rose**

Pet of the Month
Jenna Rose

80 **The Guccione Years**

1995 Pet of the Year
Gina LaMarca

94 **Love at First Bite**

Jana Jordan & Shyla
Jennings

112 **On the Prowl**

Tiffany Thompson

FULL FRONTAL

11 **Revealing Entertainment**

12 **TV**

A look at the new fall shows.

14 **Flicks**

Drive, *A Good Old
Fashioned Orgy*, Jason
Statham in *Killer Elite*.

16 **Joystick**

Gears of War 3, *F.E.A.R. 3*,
The Darkness II.

18 **DVDs**

*Star Wars: The Complete
Saga* and *Scarface* make
their Blu-ray debuts.

20 **Sounds**

Wilco continue to please,
if not inspire.

LIFE ON TOP

23 **Tech**

Gear up for All Hallows' Eve
with tricky treats.

26 **Driving Force**

Chrysler's Laramie
Longhorn.

28 **Freewheelin'**

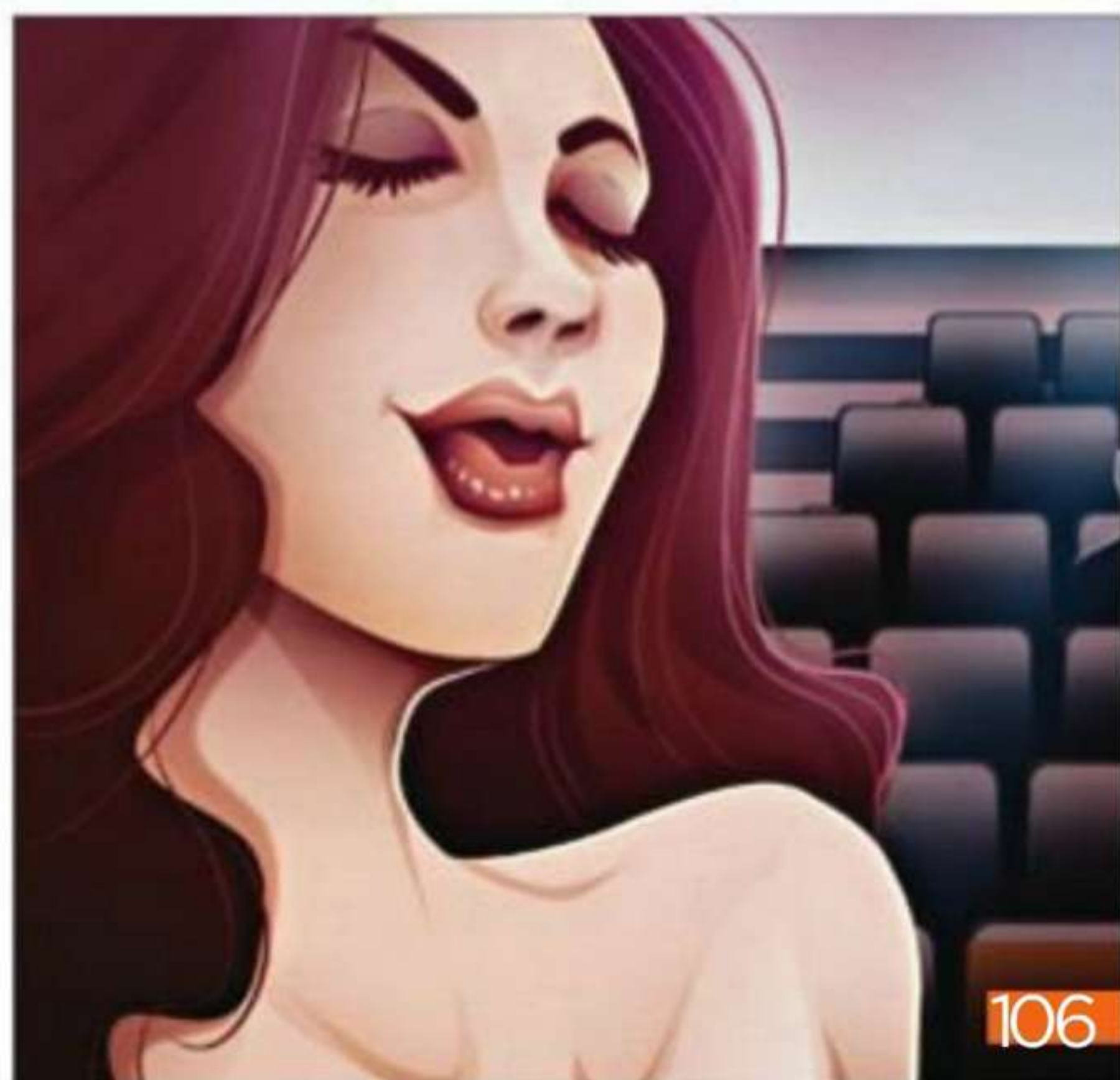
Motus, the new American
sport bike.

30 **Scoundrel**

Overcome your girl's
aversion to threesomes.

31 **The Pour House**

Strong and spooky
Halloween potions.



DEPARTMENTS

- 4** Forum
- 72** Pet Projects
- 104** Penthouse Clubs
- 122** Sex Ed.
- 134** Parting Shot

52



FEATURES

42 Gametime

We're ready for some football, but is the NFL? We preview the upcoming season, but we looked for a couple of alternative pastimes, just in case.
By Peter Schrager

46 Body of Work

Some artists think naked ladies can be improved upon with a layer of paint.
By Jennifer Peters

48 Movie Mashups

"Director's cut" DVDs are so twentieth century. "Fan edits" are what's hot today.
By Blair R. Fischer

52 Everywhere Man

Tyler Labine has become the go-to sidekick for sci-fi shows. Now he's invading the film world.
By Kara Wahlgren

74 The Postmortal

In this new novel, Americans take advantage of a cure for aging in the most American way possible.
By Drew Magary

78 Sexcursions: The Mile-High Club

Tips on getting a flying fuck.
By Greg Hudock and Nick Redfern

88 Working Stiff

Clowning Around: A part-time career as a clown opens up a vast menu of sexual opportunities.
By Kyle Dowling

90 Bidding Adieu

Taylor Morgan cashed in on her heartbreak with steamy photos.
By Kara Wahlgren

92 Vap 'Em If You've Got 'Em

We take electronic cigarettes for a test-drive.
By Alexander Colby

106 Bedtime Stories

"Silver Screen," erotic fiction by Portia Da Costa



Best Birthday Ever

I was pretty bummed out when my girlfriend had to leave town just before my birthday. I had planned a nice candlelight dinner followed by a weekend of sex. Now the plan was to order a pizza, watch a couple of pornos, jack off, and go to bed.

On the morning of my birthday, Jessie called to say she had a surprise for me. I'd hoped she was coming home, but that wasn't it. Jessie's friend Elise was going to stop by after dinner with my gift. "So don't just watch a couple of pornos and jack off, buster," Jessie said.

Elise is really hot. She has a bodacious rack, legs that won't quit, and a gorgeous ass. We hooked up once last summer, when Elise had come by with Jessie to sunbathe naked in my backyard, and she'd let me put sunscreen on her. *All* over her. Jessie got called back to work that Saturday when Elise was visiting, and Elise had stayed behind. When she asked me to put sunscreen on her butt, I teased her by sliding a finger along her crack. When I touched her puckered little hole, she started moaning and raised her ass so that my slick finger slid

inside to the knuckle. She moved her ass up and down, making my finger slide in and out of her backdoor until her whole body shuddered in a powerful orgasm.

"I want your cock where your finger is," she said, and I was only too happy to oblige. I tried to be gentle, but she kept crying, "Fuck me harder, Jack! Fuck my ass harder!" I held out as long as I could before I shot a ginormous load into her hot, tight ass. As I came, so did she. Later that afternoon Elise gave me the best blowjob I'd ever had. I thought her ass had drained my balls, but I filled her mouth and throat with come, and she swallowed every drop. Finally, just before Jessie returned, Elise gave me a handjob, making me coat her pebble-hard nipples with another load that she then licked off her tits. I've often thought that Jessie knew what happened.

I stroked my cock to readiness again, lubed it up, and slid in easily to the balls, then pounded her butt as hard as I could.

On my birthday I spent the whole day wondering what Elise was going to bring me. I figured Jessie had bought me some electronic toy her friend was going to drop off. Elise showed up wearing a halter top, shorts, and sandals, but I didn't see a present. When I asked her what she had for me, she replied, "I hope you're ready for some serious fucking, because Jessie told me to give you the best birthday present ever."

We were naked and in the bedroom so fast that physicists may decide horniness is faster than light waves. Elise lay down, and I started kissing my way down her silky body. My tongue circled her taut nipples, probed her navel, grazed her shaved mound, and started lapping the sweet nectar that was already coating her pussy. When her cunt opened to my kisses, I slid my tongue deep inside her.

I wanted to keep probing her with my tongue, but she pulled me up and guided my swollen prick inside her. Our hips moved rhythmically together as I plunged into her repeatedly. My balls slapped against her ass and our tongues curled around each other. After about ten minutes I shot my load into her pussy. Then she rolled me over and took my still-hard cock into her mouth, lapping up our combined juices. She clamped her lips on my stiff prick and bobbed her head up and down until I came again, flooding her mouth with my hot, thick cream.

Elise spread her legs so that I was staring at her asshole, which was white with come that had oozed from her drenched pussy. She lifted her butt, put two pillows under her lower back, and told me she needed her asshole fucked. I stroked my cock to readiness again, lubed it up, and slid in easily to the balls, then pounded her butt as hard as I could. She responded with moans, and then screams of pleasure. She came again as I filled her tight ass with my juices.

We both needed a breather then, but before long we were fucking again, and we didn't stop until we had to go to work on Monday. When Jessie returned, she asked me how I liked my birthday present. I told her it was the best ever.

"Cool," she said. "That should give you a hint as to what I want for my birthday!"—J.J., North Carolina

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Truly Unique



Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

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■ HORNY HALLOWEEN

I'm a junior at a small university outside Philadelphia. Last Halloween everyone was buzzing about the annual campus party. I'd never gone to any of the previous parties—I couldn't get into the costume thing—but I was hot for this girl Rhonda, who'd just transferred in. By the time I found out she was going to the party, the only costume I could get my hands on was a Godzilla suit. When I got back to my dorm room and tried it on, I found that it was both too tight and too warm to put on over my clothes. The most comfortable way to go was to wear only my briefs under the costume, so that's what I did.

It turned out to be a great party. My disguise was so complete, not one person recognized me. I'd been there for about an hour when Rhonda walked in dressed as a harem girl. She looked beautiful and exotic, and I knew I had to get with her. She was in a couple of my classes, but I'd been afraid to approach her because she always seemed to have a lot of jocks hanging around her. But this party was the perfect opportunity. I could give it my best shot, and if I fucked it up, she wouldn't recognize me in the costume anyway.

I went right over to her and led her away to dance. Big mistake. Rhonda kept stepping on my big floppy monster feet. She suggested I take the feet off, which seemed like a good idea, so I did. When she saw I was barefoot, she jokingly asked if I was wearing anything at all under my costume.

I just laughed and said something about Godzilla going commando.

All the while we were dancing, she tried to guess who I was. Then she suggested we go outside to cool off. I wanted to kiss her, but the monster head created something of a problem. Rhonda thought the whole situation was quite comical. She fell into my arms laughing, then invited me back to her room, which was halfway across campus, and quite a trek for me in the suit and the clumsy reptilian feet.

Inside, Rhonda began to unzip my costume. She really did think I was bare-assed under the suit, and was surprised to find me wearing a pair of briefs. And as the monster suit fell to the floor, she couldn't miss the fact that my dick had made an impressive tent in my underwear.

"Oh!" Rhonda said, as she took it in her hand. "There's a monster inside the monster." Rhonda pulled down my briefs while I unbuttoned her top and freed her pert breasts. She fondled my balls and stroked my dick, and it felt so good that I thought I'd come in her hand if she didn't let up. I begged her to slow down. Instead, she pumped away mercilessly until I came, splattering come all over her hand.

She was tight as a glove, and I had to tell myself to hold back. When her inner muscles tightened around me, I let go.

Before I could feel embarrassed about jumping the gun, Rhonda gave me this sexy look and said how hot it was seeing my jizz shoot out and hearing my groans of pleasure. She said watching me had almost made her cream herself. Then she slowly licked all the come from her fingers.

That was all I needed to hear. I yanked off her harem pants and panties and plunged my face into her wet pussy. I licked her for only a few seconds before she began to moan and tremble. When I slid my fingers into her, she screamed and bucked and came in waves.

By the time I carried her to the bed, I was hard again and ready to do the deed. I started slowly, and then, with her encouragement, picked up the pace. She was tight as a glove, and I had to tell myself to hold back until she was as ready as I was. When she finally cried out and her inner muscles tightened around me even more, I let go. We came together in a frenzy so intense it was as if our bodies were feeding off each other.

In the morning we snacked on potato chips and soda in her bed. After a while we began playfully tickling and touching, first with our fingers, then with our tongues. We slid into the sixty-nine position so I could lick Rhonda's pussy while she took my dick in her mouth. Oh, was she good! We soon brought each other to another moaning, groaning, thrashing peak. I couldn't have asked for a happier Halloween.—S.J., Philadelphia
More letters on page 124

KEEP IT GOING ALL NIGHT



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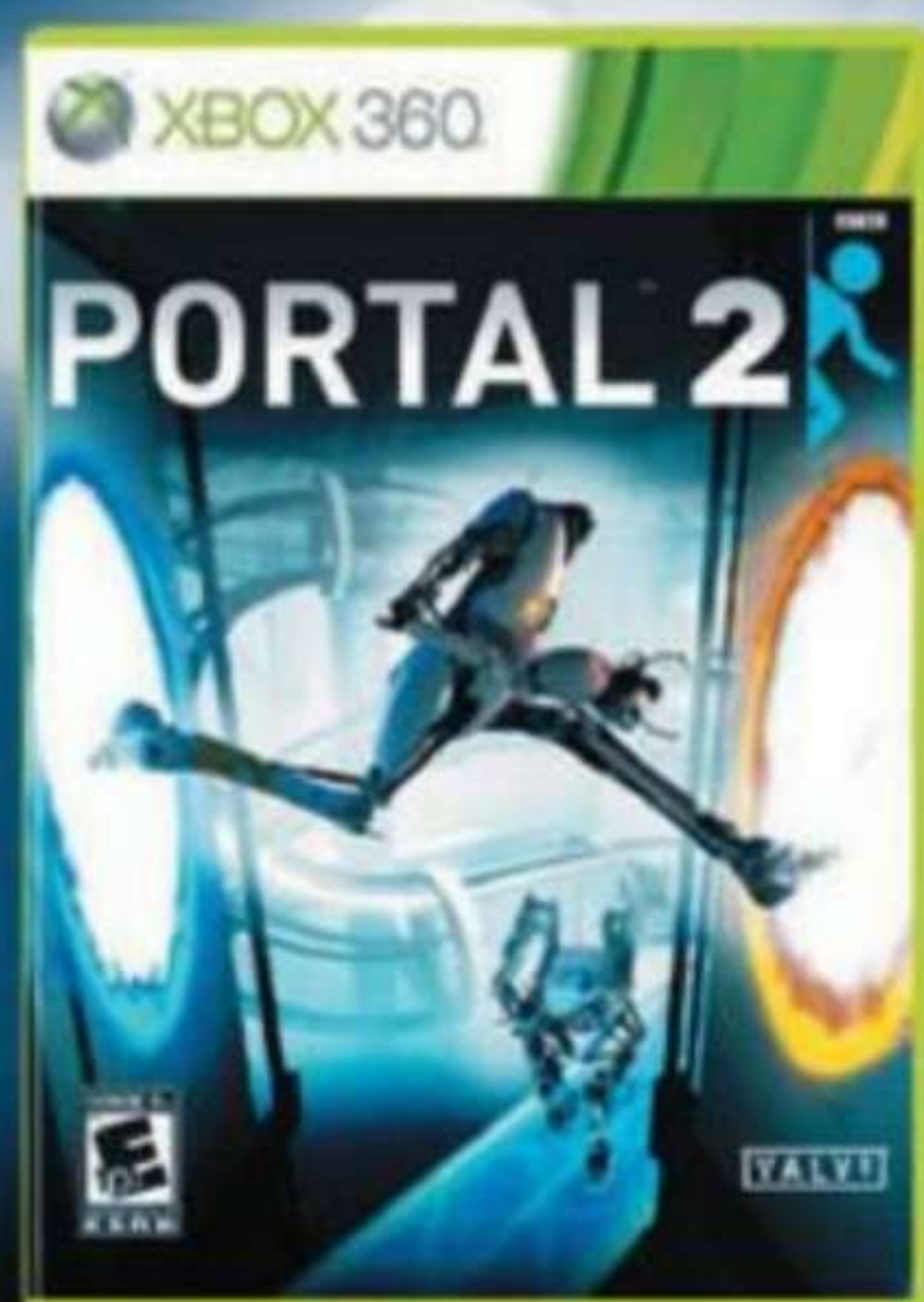
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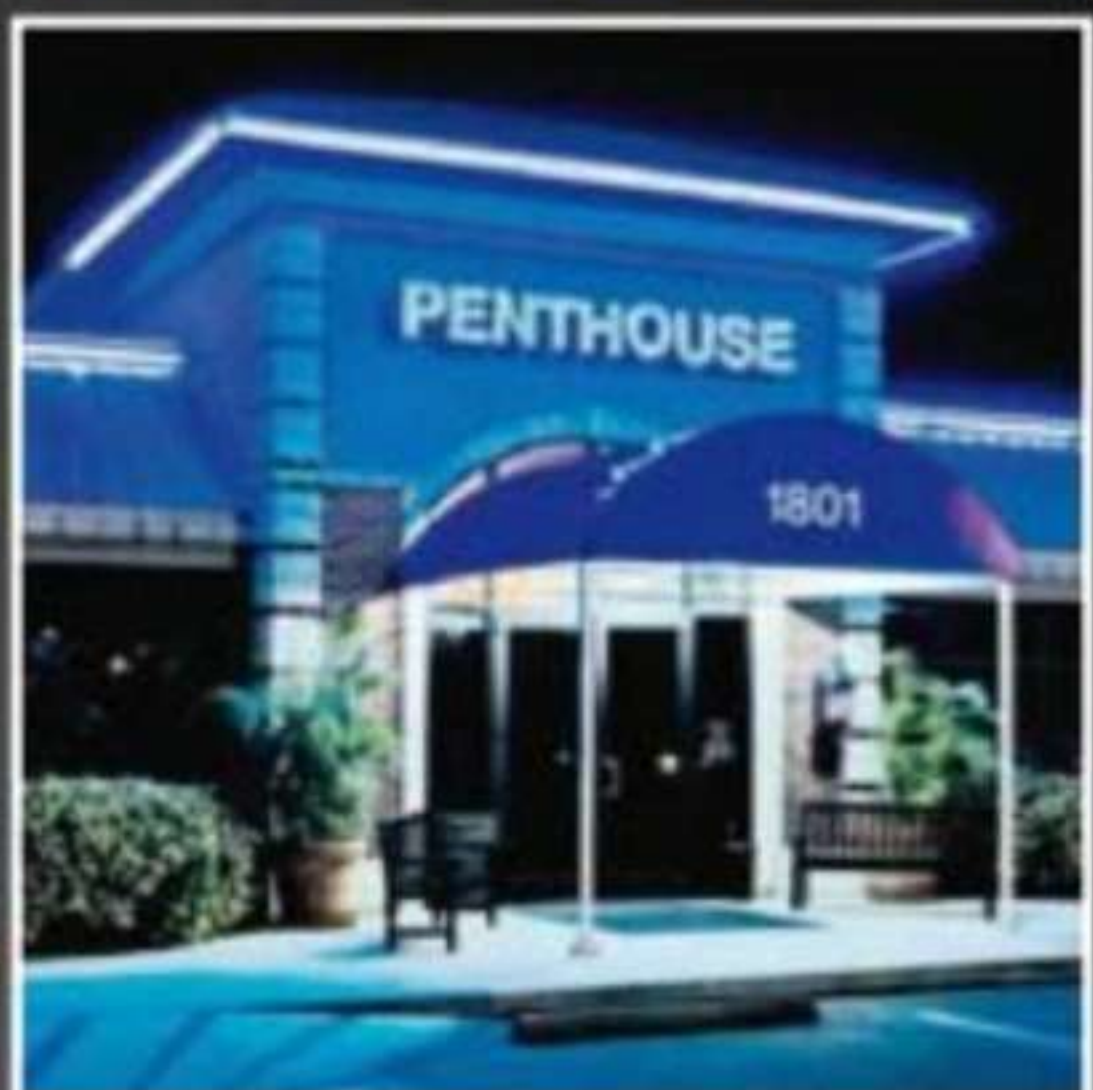
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CRITICAL TRANSMISSIONS

Last year, the networks vowed to thrill us with a lineup of bright-eyed freshmen series that they declared surefire hits. Almost all were DOA, which leaves us wondering what it will take to shock a little life back into our airwaves. Well, in our humble opinion, the upcoming remake of *Charlie's Angels* with Rachael Taylor, Minka Kelly, and Annie Ilonzeh is a good start.

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TV

Hell on Wheels



Prime Suspect

With ratings flatlining and scripted TV in critical condition, the networks are pulling out all the stops to revive their fall schedules. Will these new shows be the cure for the network blues, or just a Band-Aid fix to the scourge of hemorrhaging viewers? Our guide takes you through the shows that have a shot at survival and those that could soon be on life support.

GOING INTO ACTION

Hell on Wheels (AMC)

The Backstory: In post-Civil War America, a pissed-off Confederate soldier laying rails on the first Transcontinental Railroad hunts down the men who killed his wife.

The Elevator Pitch: *Desperado* in the days of *Glory*.

The Good: Tired of shows about the 1960s? Try the 1860s.

The Bad: *The Killing* proved that AMC can misfire on shows surrounding mysterious deaths.

The Verdict: We're saddled up and ready to ride.

Person of Interest (CBS)

The Backstory: A presumed-dead G-man teams up with a mysterious, prognosticating billionaire for some vigilante crime-fighting.

The Elevator Pitch: *Burn Notice* goes *Dark Knight*.

The Good: Jim Caviezel (*Frequency*) and Michael Emerson (*Lost* bad boy Ben) bring star power to this crime show with a supernatural spin.

The Bad: When these high-concept mysteries fizzle out after half a season, we're left scratching our heads in frustration.

The Verdict: Our Magic 8 Ball predicts that the outlook is not so good.

Grimm (NBC)

The Backstory: Grimm's fairy tales come to life when a homicide detective discovers he comes from a family of elite monster-hunters who can sniff out evil.

The Elevator Pitch: Agent Mulder rescues Hansel and Gretel.

The Good: Finally, a spooky story that isn't aimed at teenage girls. (Yes, *Supernatural* and *True Blood*, we're looking at you.)

The Bad: Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood don't exactly have us shaking in our boots.

The Verdict: We're curious to see how they handle Rumpelstiltskin's attempts to steal babies.



Grimm

Terra Nova (Fox)

The Backstory: Futuristic pioneers abandon a dying Earth and time-travel to the dinosaur age to give humanity a second shot.

The Elevator Pitch: *Land of the Lost* meets *Lord of the Flies*.

The Good: Producer Steven Spielberg promises plenty of action-packed prehistoric adventure.

The Bad: The TV-size budget might mean more family angst than action.

The Verdict: Wait, does this mean that we killed the dinosaurs?

Prime Suspect (NBC)

The Backstory: A tough-as-nails female cop struggles to gain respect and catch the bad guys in the male-dominated world of NYPD homicide.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Closer* meets *NYPD Blue*.

The Good: Charismatic star Maria Bello (*ER*) and engaging costars Aidan Quinn (*Unknown*) and Kirk Acevedo (*Fringe*) head up a strong ensemble cast.

The Bad: The outdated "boy's club" posturing will draw more eye rolls than sympathy.

The Verdict: If it sticks to badass crime-fighting and avoids boring workplace politics, it stands a chance.

COMEDIES WITH FAMILIAR FACES

Last Man Standing (ABC)

The Backstory: Tim Allen (*Home Improvement*) is a man's man forced to play Mr. Mom to his teen daughters.

The Elevator Pitch: *8 Simple Rules* for the *Tool Time* guy.

The Good: Allen has a way of cob-

bling sitcoms into ratings gold.

The Bad: Parenting high jinks might be as dull as a bag of hammers.

The Verdict: Sounds like a fixer-upper.

Free Agents (NBC)

The Backstory: Talent agent Hank Azaria (*The Simpsons*) creates a PR nightmare he can't fix after a drunken one-night stand with a coworker.

The Elevator Pitch: *Better Off Ted* meets *About Last Night*...

The Good: Azaria's comedic chops could make it a sleeper hit.

The Bad: The tired premise is like an attempt to reinvent the flat tire.

The Verdict: We're doubtful it will live up to the hype.

How to Be a Gentleman (CBS)

The Backstory: A prissy etiquette columnist enlists macho personal trainer Kevin Dillon (*Entourage*) to help him find the caveman within.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Odd Couple* on steroids.

The Good: Dillon's character could be the twin of his Johnny "Drama."

The Bad: The knucklehead/snob shtick may get old fast.

The Verdict: We'll sign up for a few sessions.

Allen Gregory (Fox)

The Backstory: An animated comedy about a hilariously pretentious tyke (*Superbad*'s Jonah Hill) thrown into the perilous world of public school.

The Elevator Pitch: Stewie Griffin takes on Springfield Elementary.

The Good: Hill delivers big laughs as the precocious 7-going-on-47 hero.

The Bad: How edgy can the adven-

tures of a grade-schooler be?

The Verdict: If it lives up to its potential, it's destined for the honor roll.

Man Up! (ABC)

The Backstory: Three whipped guys try to figure out how to be real men in a world of manscaping and nonfat lattes.

The Elevator Pitch: *Butch Eye for the Straight Guy*.

The Good: Unapologetic dude humor could strike a note with men everywhere.

The Bad: Uninspired gags and groan-worthy clichés could be a real buzzkill.

The Verdict: Man down!

■ BABEWATCH

Ringer (CW)

The Backstory: An ex-stripper on the run from the mob pulls a switcheroo with her wealthy twin—but her sister's life is as dangerous as her own.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Parent Trap* in witness protection.

The Good: *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s Sarah Michelle Gellar could slay critics as the problem-prone twins.

The Bad: We'd like to put a hit on the writer responsible for the worst of the pilot's dialogue.

The Verdict: Double the *Buffy*, double the fun.

Charlie's Angels (ABC)

The Backstory: Three sexy former bad girls turn PI in this relaunch of the classic hit series.

The Elevator Pitch: Um ... a relaunch of the classic hit.

The Good: Hottie Angels, of course; a cool new Bosley (Ramon Rodriguez) and a sultry Miami backdrop.

The Bad: Another remake of a 1970s series? What's next, *Happy Days: The Next Generation*?

The Verdict: It might take divine intervention for this to survive.

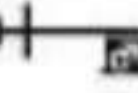
The Playboy Club (NBC)

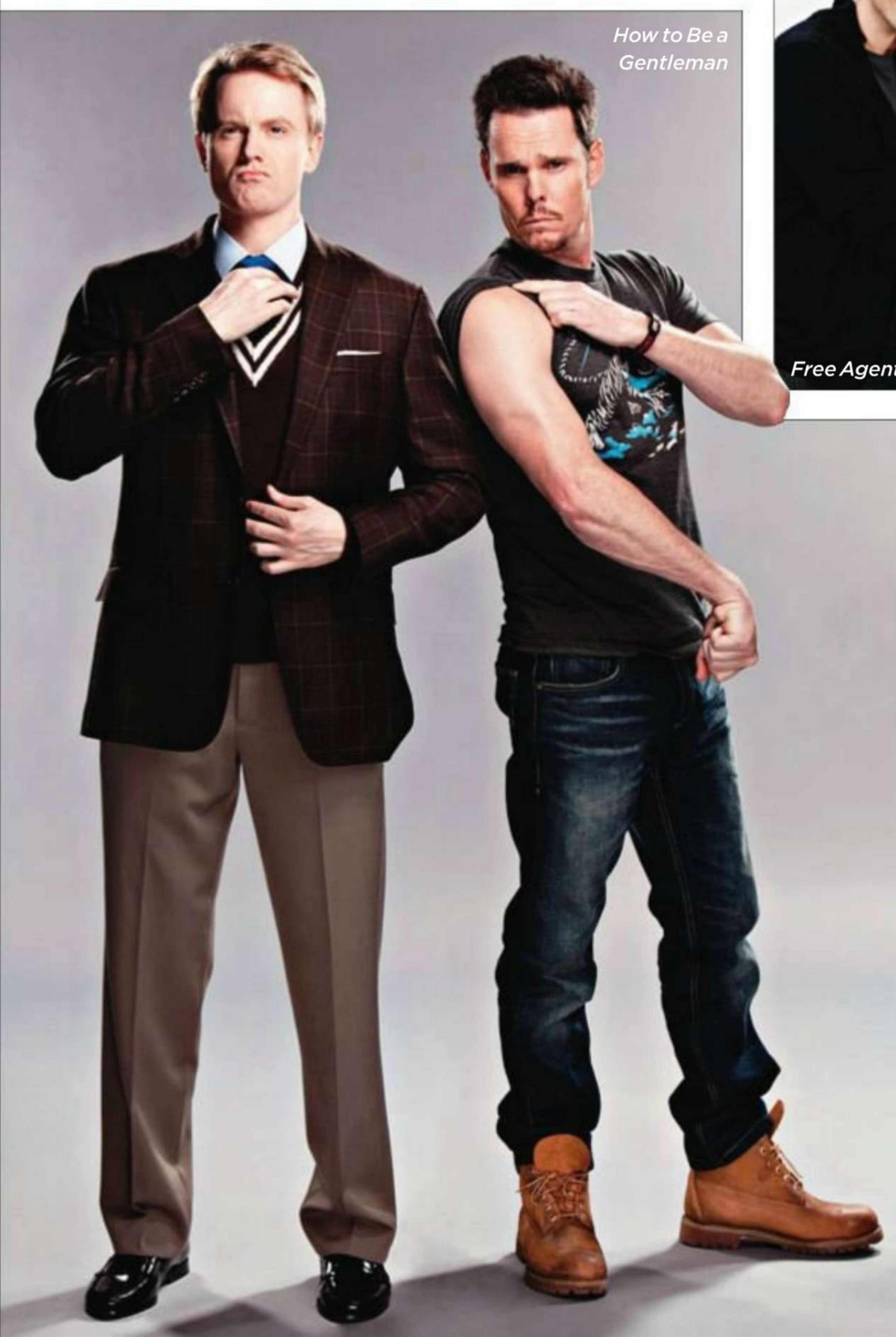
The Backstory: Drama abounds for an aspiring actress/waitress at the first Bunny club in 1960s Chicago.

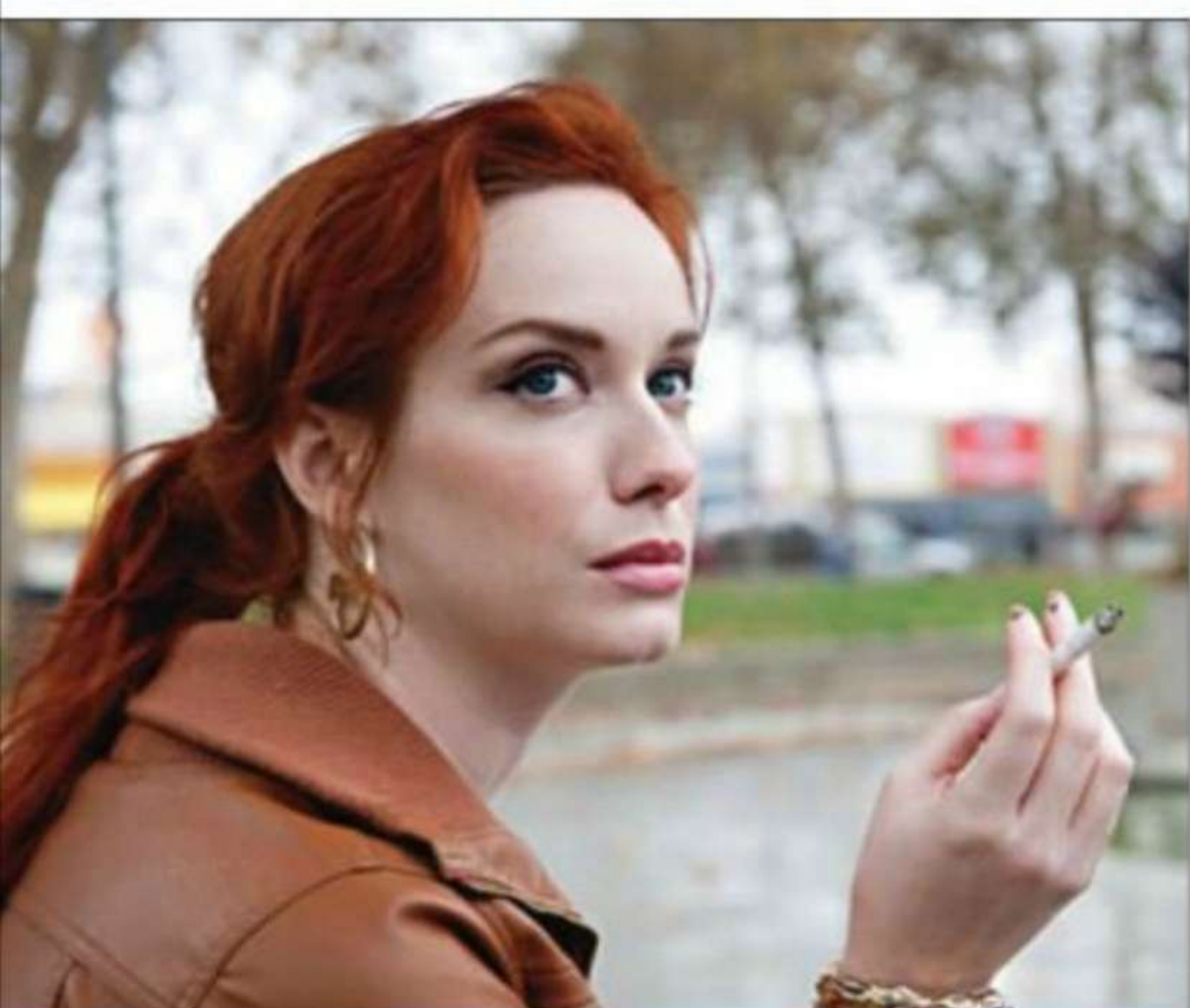
The Elevator Pitch: *Mad Men* goes to Hooters.

The Good: Besides scantily clad chicks, we're at a loss.

The Bad: Waitress melodrama? Check, please.

The Verdict: Wake us when they make *The Penthouse Club*—and let's hope it's on cable so the strippers can, you know, strip. 





Drive

Ryan Gosling, Christina Hendricks, Carey Mulligan, Albert Brooks

Remember when Michael Mann used to specialize in ice-cold action classics about sullen tough guys cruising the highways at midnight to cheesy synth music? Denmark's Nicolas Winding Refn (*Bronson*) clearly does, and he's made a worthy homage in *Drive*, a stunningly satisfying flick that debuted at this year's Cannes Film Festival. It offers the most gleefully guilty pleasure you'll ever have watching a Gosling movie. The *Notebook* star plays a taciturn, unnamed Hollywood stunt artist who also plies his gifts as a getaway wheelman. After a heist goes horribly wrong—the violence in this movie is pummeling—our hero goes on a quiet, determined rampage. His target? An unlikely yet menacing Brooks, playing the heavy. Everything about *Drive*, from its pink-neon opening titles to Mulligan as the doe-eyed love interest, feels like an expert nod to an era when movies were only meant to entertain us with big emotions and muscle cars. It's the smartest dumb movie of the year.

RETRO COOL

Ryan Gosling stars in *Drive*, a slick, satisfying heist flick in the style of Michael Mann's films.



PREVIEWS

***A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*****Jason Sudeikis, Lucy Punch, Tyler Labine**

Nothing says Labor Day weekend more than grilled meat, copious alcohol consumption, and a no-holds-barred orgy with your closest, dearest friends. Oh—did we lose you with that last one? Operating on a long-forgotten wavelength, this retro comedy zings you with the aforementioned premise; it's funny, sexy, and even a little sad (the pals are all neurotic thirty-somethings, fearing age). Sudeikis leads a strong cast into weird realms of debauchery: Yes, the movie actually goes there, but endearingly. Call it a special kind of date movie.

***Our Idiot Brother*****Paul Rudd, Elizabeth Banks, Zoëy Deschanel, Emily Mortimer**

In any other hands, this script would be unbearably sentimental and predictable, but the expert cast, which also includes Adam Scott, Rashida Jones, and Steve Coogan, plays the material so well they distract you from those flaws (for the most part). Rudd stars as a kind of holy fool whose radical honesty and faith in others disrupts—but ultimately refocuses!—the disordered lives of his three sisters when he asks for their help after his release from prison. (He went to the slam for selling weed to a policeman. A uniformed policeman.) It's formulaic, but the stars deliver enough winning moments to keep things afloat.—*John Bolster*

***Straw Dogs*****Kate Bosworth, James Marsden, Alexander Skarsgård**

Let's see: We could certainly use a hole in the head, a busted eight-track player, and—why not?—a remake of Sam Peckinpah's ultraviolent 1971 rape-revenge thriller. The original movie, an endurance test, converted Dustin Hoffman's boyish appeal into rage as he dispatched home invaders with a bear trap. Can lefty director Rod Lurie (*Nothing But the Truth*) bring anything new to the party? Well, Bosworth for one: She'll be the luscious prize as rural criminals besiege a home presided over by former *X-Men* mutant Marsden. Skarsgård, shirtless as always, plays the lead baddie.

***Killer Elite*****Clive Owen, Jason Statham, Robert De Niro**

Before you get the notion that it's Sam Peckinpah Remake Month in Hollywood (see *Straw Dogs* preview), know that this high-octane action flick is *not* a Peckinpah rehash, despite sharing a title with that director's 1975 thriller starring James Caan and Robert Duvall. But even though its creators have a startling lack of imagination when it comes to titles, we're completely stoked for this one. The reason? Jason Statham. The man has carried some of the most deliriously dopey action movies of the past decade (start with the *Crank* movies and thank us later), and we figure the addition of De Niro and Owen can only help. Right? (Right.)



Gears of War 3

MICROSOFT (XBOX 360)

★★★★★

It's hard to imagine feeling a lick of fear when you're strapped into a walking tank and flanked by three shotgun-toting meatheads built like offensive tackles. The new "Silverback" robo-suits and four-player cooperative campaign here, however, do little to cut the game's heavy sense of dread. This final installment in the revolutionary shooter trilogy is overrun with unsettling adversaries right out of John Carpenter's *The Thing*: suicide-bomber bugs, goop-oozing polyps, saucer-eyed beasts, and worse. "Imagine something that scares you when the lights go out, like a monster ... under your bed," says executive producer Rod Fergusson. "Now imagine a futile fight for survival against the one thing that scares *that* monster."

Gears 3's plot wraps up the series' loose ends on the embattled planet Sera. Your perspective shifts among that of roadie-running ex-con Marcus Fenix and several of his compatriots at various points in the story, which has a disjointed-but-cool narrative style that pays homage to *Pulp Fiction*. The long-haul draw, though, is *Gear 3*'s nearly limitless suite of multiplayer modes. The best of the bunch is Horde, a team-based game of survival that rewards kills with currency you can spend on fortifications.

Nightmare moment: Running from a human-controlled Berserker in the horrific new multiplayer mode Beast, which has one team going up the evolutionary ladder of mutant enemies and earning more powerful monsters.



**F.E.A.R. 3**

WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★

Do yourself a favor and don't play this alone. It's not that this third installment of the chilling shooter series is the scariest of the lot (unless you consider enemies leaping from shadows the height of fright). *F.E.A.R. 3*'s two-player cooperative mode lets you buddy up with an unfriendly ghost of a brother whose spectral powers complement your gunplay. While you disintegrate and dismember enemy soldiers with bull's-eye blasting, he can use his psychic powers to possess distant foes and flank their former platoons. This buddy system adds a layer of strategy that you don't experience in solo play, which otherwise offers little you haven't seen in other run-and-gun games.

Nightmare moment: A multiplayer mode called "Fucking Run!" has every player scrambling from a billowing cloud of psychic death. If one teammate dies in the mist, everybody else does, too. It's a frantic, frightening mode that we're not hyping just because we're one of the few magazines that can print its name with impunity.

**ALICE: MADNESS RETURNS**

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★

The Wonderland you remember from Disney's animated classic or Tim Burton's recent remake is an oasis of sanity compared to the twisted world here. Like the original game (which is included for free with the Xbox 360 and PS3 versions), this sequel sends its emo Alice down a rabbit hole of her own delusions, spawned by psychotherapy for her family's fiery death. Ghoulish-faced playing cards and one-eyed teapots prowl this mad, mad world that's packed with more creepy encounters than a season of *To Catch a Predator*.

The art style is unique and otherworldly, while the gameplay is a mix of *Super Mario* hoppity-hop and *God of War* hack 'n' slash (with whimsical weaponry). Each level is laden with platform-hopping, mini games, and surreal scenery that holds your interest long after the puzzles become repetitive.

Nightmare moment(s): "There are several moments where Alice, trapped in her own psychological nightmare, is unable to escape the horrors unfolding throughout her mind," says series creator American McGee. "[She's] fully aware and forced to witness the destruction of her own mind."

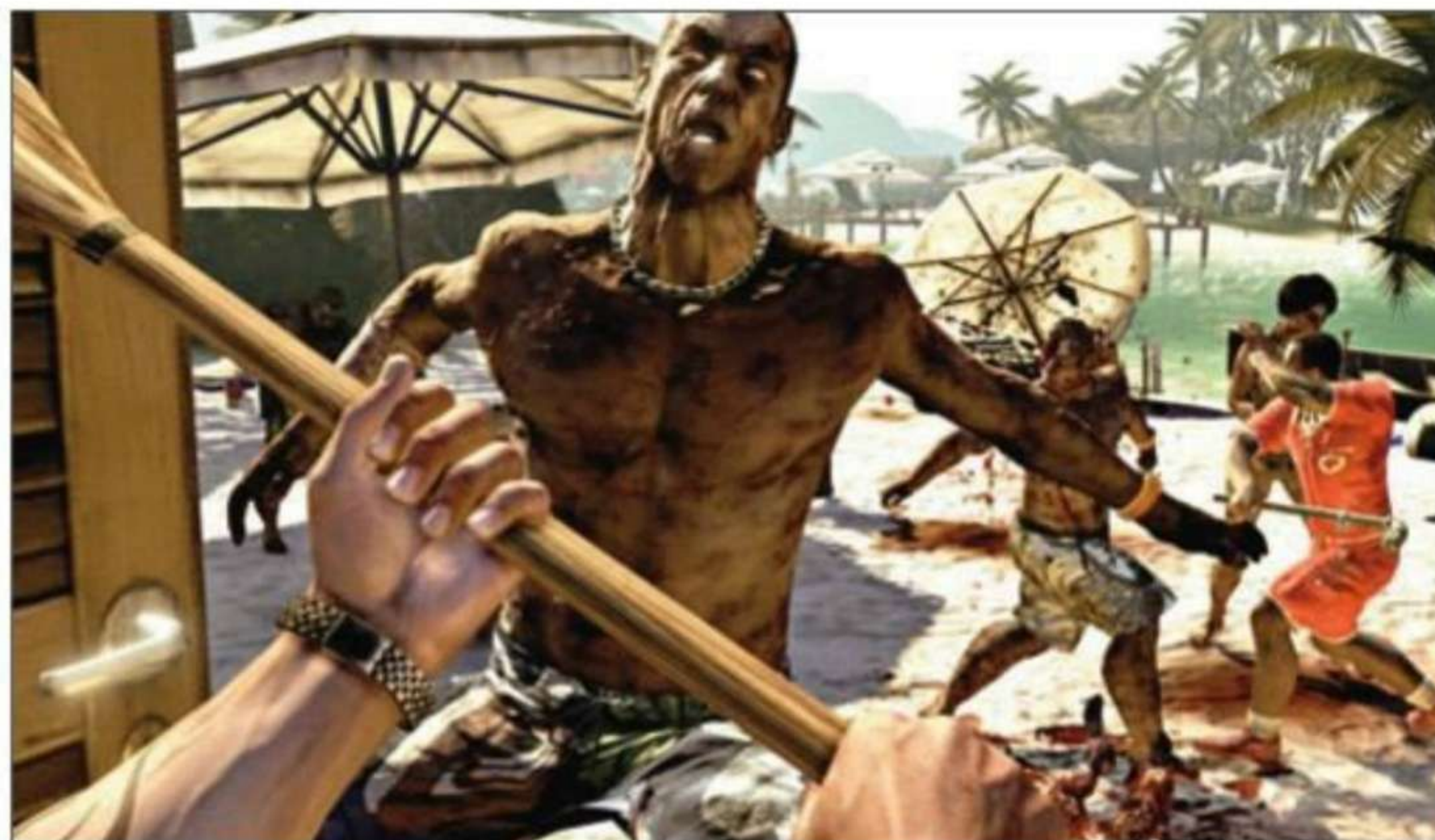
PREVIEWS

**THE DARKNESS II**

2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Very bad things happened to good-fella Jackie Estacado in the prequel to this demonic mob shooter. During the worst date night ever, he witnessed his girlfriend's murder and discovered he was possessed by a supernatural power called "the Darkness." Now, just when he thought he avenged her death and got his inner demons under control, an assassination attempt has unleashed his hellish Darkness powers—abilities coveted by the creepy "Crippled Man." A bad day for Jackie makes a good game for players, who can use his slithering demon arms to "quad wield" four weapons at once. Perforate enemies with dual machine guns while brandishing knives or ripping enemy mobsters to little red pieces with the demon arms. The catch: Darkness powers only work if you cling to the shadows.

Nightmare moment: "A minion of the Crippled Man drives railroad spikes through your palms, nailing you to a cross," says producer Seth Olshfski. "The agony is unbearable until you see your girlfriend, Jenny. The relief is short-lived when you remember that she was murdered two years ago."

**DEAD ISLAND**

DEEP SILVER (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Swaying palms, fruity drinks, decomposing bikini babes about to devour your large intestine—it's just another day in this apocalyptic paradise. The game drops you (and up to three other players) into a South Pacific resort overrun by the recently deceased. Conventional weapons are hard to come by, so you'll need to MacGyver your own from whatever's handy. Pound nails into a Louisville Slugger for extra brain-bashing *oomph*. Duct-tape plastic explosives to a kitchen knife and presto! Instant sticky bomb! Rescuing survivors earns you new missions and levels up your abilities—a roleplaying twist that's unique among undead-rising titles.

Nightmare moment: "Head-stomping your way past hordes of horrifying zombies trying to kill you," producer Vincent Kummer tells us. ☞



DVDs



The Complete Package?

Sci-fi fanboys are being tempted with a new release of *Star Wars*, and this one will both live up to the anticipation and inspire some disappointment.

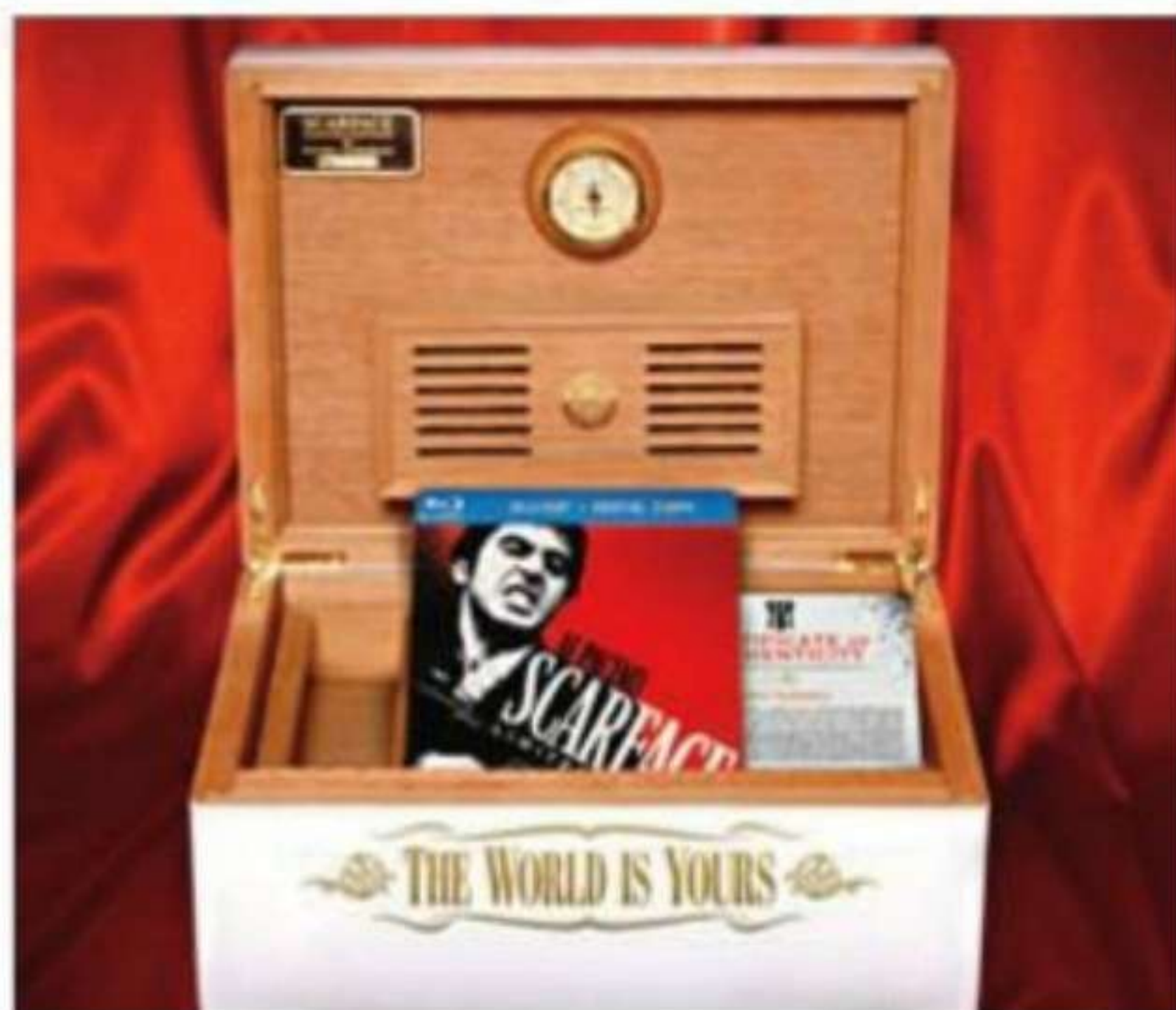


Star Wars: The Complete Saga

The bonus features are strong with this one. *Star Wars: The Complete Saga* boasts some cool new extras available only in the nine-disc Blu-ray set. Each trilogy has its own bonus disc with new *Star Wars* Archive features like deleted and extended scenes, interviews, info on props and costumes, concept art, and other behind-the-scenes snippets. There's also an additional disc of documentaries that includes a handful from previous releases—*The Making of Star Wars*; *The Empire Strikes Back: SPFX*, hosted by Mark Hamill; *Star Wars Tech*, which explores the vehicles, gear, and weaponry; *Classic Creatures: Return of the Jedi*; and *Anatomy of a Dewback*, with George Lucas discussing the effects advancements of the 1997 *Star Wars* special edition. The new documentaries are *Star Warriors*, about the 501st Legion, fans who don *Star Wars* costumes for charity fund-raisers and other special events; *A Conversation With the Masters: The Empire Strikes Back 30 Years Later*, with Lucas, the late director Irvin Kershner, screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan,

and composer John Williams; and—the one we're most looking forward to—*Star Wars Spoofs*, a collection of clips from *Family Guy*, *The Simpsons*, *How I Met Your Mother*, and "Weird Al" Yankovic. (And *Robot Chicken*! Please!)

What about the films themselves? The picture will be gorgeous, although some effects and makeup from the older films won't be quite up to par, and the sound has been remastered for 6.1 DTS surround sound. But the big question for überfans, of course, is which version of the original trilogy is here. Although the *Star Wars Trilogy* DVD set included the original theatrical edits of the films, here you get only the special editions. We can only assume that's because the theatrical versions still have not been remastered and aren't ready for a high-def release. We were also surprised to see that while the two trilogies will be available in individual sets, the only bonus features included are the commentary tracks. But since the full set comes in the beautiful package above, we say pony up for the whole thing.



Scarface

You've never seen or heard Tony Montana say hello with his little friend like this: The film has been fully restored with high-resolution, high-def picture, and DTS-HD Master Audio 7.1. Previous extras are here, including deleted scenes, "The Rebirth," "The Acting," "The Creating," and looks at the TV version and the videogame; a new bonus

feature for this release explores the film's legacy. For a limited time, the Blu-ray will include ten art cards and come in SteelBook packaging, and the disc also includes the original 1932 *Scarface*. But the real collectible package is the Spanish-cedar humidor from Daniel Marshall, which holds approximately 100 cigars and is decorated with *Scarface* medallions. They're only making 1,000, so grab one before the rappers buy them up.



Herschell Gordon Lewis: The Godfather of Gore

Frank Henenlotter (*Frankenhooker*) directs a documentary on the cult exploitation director who basically created splatter cinema in 1963 with his low-budget, drive-in Grand Guignol *Blood Feast*, the first film to graphically showcase dismemberment, entrails, and torture, using gallons of fake blood and animal parts. The doc traces Lewis's start in early-sixties "nudie-cuties"—striptease and nudist-colony films—and takes viewers through his infamous gore shockers, featuring interviews with such bad-taste luminaries as John Waters and

former *Penthouse* columnist Joe Bob Briggs. Lewis's most famous features—*Blood Feast*, *Two Thousand Maniacs!*, and *Color Me Blood Red*—are also coming out in a fancy new high-def Blu-ray special edition called *The Blood Trilogy*. Both releases contain a grisly amount of bonus features, including commentaries, outtakes, and trailers.—Christine Colby

TV on DVD

We already gave you a glimpse into the new shows, so there's only one thing left to do before the fall TV season starts: catch up on last year with the season sets being released this month.



Blue Mountain State



Body of Proof

- **Toughest Military Jobs**, season one This is like *Dirty Jobs* got drafted. Explosive Ordnance Disposal was an obvious candidate, but who thinks about fire fighters putting out an enormous C-130? The last episode, with the ribbon-bridge engineer installing a bridge over a river from improvised materials, was fascinating.
- **Fringe**, season three The back-and-forth between worlds was confusing in a

mostly intriguing way, but we're still not sure how we feel about the mind fuck of an ending. If you plan to watch season four, you will need to check out at least the last few episodes—unless they really are rebooting the whole thing.

- **Castle**, season three The mostly case-of-the-week trend was overshadowed by the end of the season by the backstory about Beckett's mother's murder, but we're just not

buying the cliff-hanger. A "previously on" segment on the season opener should catch you up.

- **Blue Mountain State**, season two This show has always had an abundance of hot chicks, but sexy Denise Richards added a new level of MILF-y sizzle. Here's hoping she's back for season three.
- **Body of Proof**, season one We could have lived without the dramatics about Megan's ex-husband and daughter, but there's nothing bad about this show's frequent shots of

Dana Delany's gorgeous legs or Jeri Ryan's great body—or Christina Hendricks's guest appearance. But they recap the basic premise on pretty much every episode, so there's no other reason to watch.

- **UFC: The Ultimate Fighter**, season 13 Coaches Brock Lesnar and Junior Dos Santos took 14 fighters through their paces, in typical fashion. Even if you missed every episode, you'll have no problem figuring out what's going on when season 14 debuts.



UFC: The Ultimate Fighter

WILCO

The Whole Love
dBpm

★★

Sure, everyone likes Wilco, but does anyone love them? Since their critically adored fourth album, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, set the world—or at least the NPR-listening world—on fire in 2002, the Chicago band's brand of amiable Americana has proven to be dependably respectable. By opening their eighth studio album with the squalling, spacey "Art of Almost," leader Jeff Tweedy appears, for a moment, ready to shake things up. But no: *The Whole Love* quickly settles back down, with the chummy choogle of "I Might" blending tastefully with the soft-pop shuffle of "Dawned on Me." This perpetual politeness is pleasant, but stultifying: On "Open Mind," it's hard to tell if Tweedy is wooing a woman or merely bragging about his favorite used-book shop.



TASTEFUL TO A FAULT

Wilco continue to please, if not inspire, on their eighth album, *The Whole Love*.



ANTHRAX
Worship Music
Megaforce
★★★

bearded) stepchild. Proudly East Coast, notoriously turnover prone, and, during a terror-filled moment ten years ago, unfortunately named, Anthrax have never received the respect nor the sales they deserved. That's not likely to change with this, the 30-year-old band's tenth album, but it should: Reunited with singer Joey Belladonna, the graying hell-raisers sound fit and ferocious, tearing through tunes about (surprise!) the devil with a newfound wit and a familiar swagger. Best is "Fight 'Em Til You Can't," the world's first, but hopefully not last, anti-zombie metal song.



Out of thrash metal's four-band Mount Rushmore, Anthrax have always been the redheaded (or, in Scott Ian's case, red-



THE RAPTURE
In the Grace of Your Love
DFA/Modular
★★★★

years and reemerging at the forefront of New York City's early-aughts post-punk renaissance. Their album *Echoes* launched an era-defining single, "House of Jealous Lovers." Now, five years after a tepid follow-up, the Rapture are back and proudly prefix-free: Thanks to the help of French house-master Philippe Zdar, *In the Grace of Your Love* is unabashed, full-on disco. On "How Deep Is Your Love?," singer Luke Jenner's voice goes as quivery as a pair of legs after a long night at Danceteria. This healthy hedonism just might be the most punk thing they've ever done.

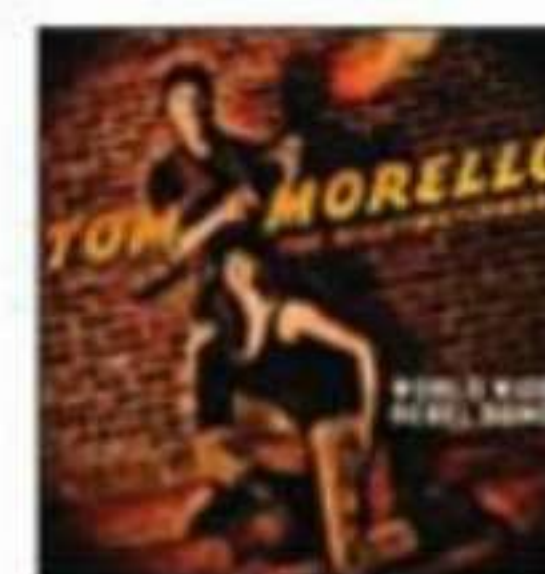


The Rapture began as a punk band in the late nineties, before fast-forwarding their influences a few



THE NIGHTWATCHMAN
World Wide Rebel Songs
New West
★★

Morello, aka the Nightwatchman. The former Rage Against the Machine guitarist has always been quick to speak up for the least-heard voices among us. But once he swaps his soapbox for a recording studio, he has nothing but his own limited voice to defend them with. He gets his shtick wholesale from a folkie consignment shop: a little Dylan, a dash of Guthrie, and a whole lot of boilerplate agit-pop. Whether he's down Mexico way ("The Dogs of Tijuana") or making a passable stab at gospel ("Speak and Make Lightning"), the overall effect is like being lectured, not enlightened.



Earnestness can make for good politics, but it rarely makes for good political rock. Case in point: the solo career of Tom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WILCO) ZORAN ORLIC, (ANTHRAX) ANDY BUCHANAN, (THE RAPTURE) RUWAN WIJESOORIYA, (THE NIGHTWATCHMAN) SEAN RICIGLIANO



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Gear up for All
Hallow's Eve
with these tricky
tech treats.

By Crispin Boyer

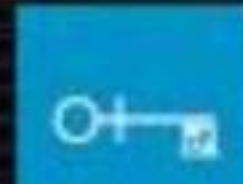
Night Wares



■ **Skullhub USBport**

ThinkGeek.com • \$25

This moldering resin skull looks like something out of Satan's IT department, but there's nothing sinister about adding four USB 2.0 ports to any PC or Mac. Dig it out of your drawer in October to boost Halloween ambience in your cubicle, or display it proudly year-round to discourage small talk with conservative coworkers. The brainpan has been scooped clean for storing pens, paper clips, guitar picks, or any evil office knickknacks. Just don't expect it to charge USB-compatible tools of ritual sacrifice; the ports are unpowered.



■ G'zOne Commando

Casio • \$200 with a two-year Verizon contract

This is the spunkiest Android phone in the wild, and built to survive any horror-movie situation short of chain-saw attack. Its sturdy immersion-proof casing passes military muster for impacts, vibration, altitude, temperature extremes, and salty sea fog. Eight outdoor modes—including a GPS navigator, tide monitor, and personal trainer—keep you alive longer when the wilderness gets too wild. Despite its ostentatious name and functionality as a Wi-Fi hot spot, it's really more of an office workhorse. Hefty security features deter corporate espionage, making it ideal for downloading sensitive building plans in a construction environment. And if a coworker goes postal, you can always use the case as a shield.



■ Series 5 Chromebook

Samsung • \$429 for Wi-Fi; \$499 for Verizon 3G model

This is a new breed of laptop designed to become one with the web, powered by Google's net-integrated operating system, Chrome. It boots up in less than eight seconds and connects online instantly. All the apps, user settings, documents, photos, etc., live in the cloud, so if you misplace your Chromebook, you can simply log on to a new machine to duplicate your desktop, files, and programs. The streamlined operating system lacks the drudgery of Windows machines (updates happen invisibly), and the 12.1-inch screen is more than vivid enough for movies and the millions of web apps.



■ Kaligraffiti pen

Retro 51 • \$30

This is an office manager's worst nightmare. The Kaligraffiti pen looks like a mini spray-paint can poised to tag break-room soda machines and expenses paperwork. Admittedly, it's more trick than treat. Pressing the nozzle top doesn't actually unleash a spurt of ink; it simply extends the pen's ballpoint (available in blue, green, or red) when you're ready to write. Still, the Easy Flow ink cartridge delivers the smooth-scribbling performance common to all Retro 51 pens. Brandish it like Banksy and send your coworkers scrambling for paint remover.





■ Slasher hoodie

Electric Zombie • \$45

This clothing line riffs on pop-culture horror flicks to give a nostalgic spin on our favorite childhood nightmares. No product embodies—and dismembers—that no-guts, no-glory philosophy like the Slasher hoodie, a grungy pullover ripped from the closet of a hipster Freddy Krueger. This crimson-splattered sweatshirt, which is sewn to a skinny fit from striped ring-spun fabric, is loaded with horrific little touches, including a hood liner patterned after third-degree burns. Don the Slasher on Halloween for a laugh, but please leave the mad cackling to Robert Englund.



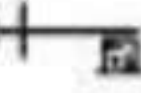
■ Lethal Pro v2 universal mount

Lethal Pro • \$129

It might seem like a nightmare marriage of hideous form with humdrum function, but there's a reason this gadget mount resembles a cybernetic face hugger: It stays stuck no matter where you stick it. Just lock your device of choice to the adjustable carbon-fiber holder, then extend the mount's spidery legs for hands-free stabilization on any surface. Wedge your camera into tree branches, mount a navigation system to your four-wheeler, or give your iPad the sexiest seat in the coffeehouse. The aircraft-aluminum frame is just eight ounces, but it's sturdy enough to support 22 pounds.

■ Last Laugh watch

Mr. Jones • \$199

Times are grim with this skull-face wristwatch from arty London watchmaker Mr. Jones, codigned by a British comedian to "remind us that life is brief." Nevertheless, it puts on a serious face. Hours and minutes tick by on the skull's teeth rather than via conventional hands, while the mirrored eyes and nose give off ghostly reflections. The stainless-steel case is waterproof to 160 feet and sturdily built, so you won't have to worry about the watch dying before its time. 





A TRUCK YOU'LL ACTUALLY WASH

Even tough guys can use a touch of class. **By Bill Heald**

FORD, CHEVY, AND DODGE HAVE BEEN AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS FOR DECADES in a brutal grudge match to prove who builds the toughest full-size pickups. Chrysler has dropped the Dodge nameplate to go solely with Ram to further enhance the ass-kickin' image, and the company has created very rugged, advanced truck platforms for both the half-ton and heavy-duty pickups. To further make waves in the marketplace, the company decided to balance ruggedness with the best in Western country-club-style luxury living by introducing an ultraluxurious trim level called the Laramie Longhorn. This is designed to set new standards for upscale comfort, while complementing Ram's unique engineering features, to create the ultimate class-act pickup.

While the Longhorn's elaborate trimmings are available on the 1500, 2500, and 3500 Rams, the real gentleman's high-class hauler is the 1500 Crew Cab 4x4, for it has a smooth ride and civilized presence that the heavier trucks just can't match. The hard parts include Ram's unique coil-spring multi-link rear suspension—a setup that handles a 1,470-pound payload with ease, yet delivers a ride that rivals some automobiles when it comes to comfort and

smoothness. The standard engine is the much-admired 5.7-liter HEMI V-8, teamed with a five-speed automatic transmission. While you will undoubtedly get attacked by trolls if you attach this noble steed to some grotesque rental trailer, should you have something truly worth towing, you can haul up to 9,950 pounds behind this muscular machine. Of course, you *must* opt for the clever RamBox cargo system, which uses the usually empty rear fender sides as lockable, illuminated, drainable storage bins.



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door pickup
Engine	5.7-liter HEMI V-8
Power	390 horsepower
Torque	407 foot-pounds
Transmission	Five-speed automatic
Front tires	275/60 R20
Rear tires	275/60 R20
Curb weight	5,308 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.8 seconds
Top speed	108 mph (electronically limited)
Fuel capacity	26 gallons
EPA mpg	13 city/19 highway
Base price	\$46,210

The exterior of the Longhorn is a study in nonexcessive opulence (like 20-inch chrome wheels and white-gold paint treatments), but the real trip comes when you climb into the cab. Think of Dorothy entering the Land of Oz, except this time you don't just get Technicolor visual delights; you also get the rich, deep aroma of a first-class Western saddle shop. "We took Ram Laramie Longhorn's design cues from traditionally hand-crafted, time-tested wares, such as the antique pocket watch, a fine

pair of hand-tooled leather cowboy boots, a collector's-grade shotgun, or a horseman's saddle," explains Chrysler's Ryan Nagode. "The metal- and leatherwork are second to none." There's a herd's worth of classic cowhide accented by burled walnut, and the bark-brown seating option includes "laser-etched filigrees" with a handworked appearance. You might think twice about hauling compost in the bed of a pickup with filigrees, but rest assured this is still one very tough, albeit civilized, truck.

LONGHORN HIDES, MEET MR. HYDE

If the erudite Ram Longhorn is Dr. Jekyll, then the Power Wagon is its ultimate dark-side alter ego. This is literally a lumberjack of a truck, built to conquer any and all obstacles in your path while hauling serious hardware and the crew you need to use it. Just climbing into the cab requires effort, but once you're there, the rugged 4x4 drivetrain (with a traditional straight axle up front and electronic locks for both differentials) and vast ground clearance don't just conquer what lies ahead; they will embarrass the terrain if it dares to impede your progress. Unlike the Longhorn's leather smoking-jacket interior, the Wagon is all business, with tough rubber mats and durable fabric, even in the glove box, with no filigrees to be found. The Ram 2500 Heavy-Duty is the starting point for this marvel that features a custom-built 12,000-pound Warn winch, full skid plates, Bilstein shocks, 32-inch off-road tires, and an electronic disconnecting front sway bar to facilitate wheel articulation when climbing over lesser pickups. This is a hard truck that rides like one, but there's one excellent nod to civilization: the optional 506-watt Alpine sound system.



IT'S LATIN FOR **DREAM BIKE**

Buell may have closed its doors in Milwaukee, but a new American sport bike is revving up to take on the world.

By Bill Heald





SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled 90-degree V-4
Bore x stroke	86.5 mm x 70 mm
Displacement	1,645 cc
Fuel system	Gasoline Direct Injection (GDI)
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm four-piston discs
Rear brake	Single 240-mm two-piston disc
Front tire	120/60 ZR17 Michelin Pilot 3
Rear tire	190/50 ZR17 Michelin Pilot 3
Fuel tank	Six-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	58 inches
Seat height	31 inches
Wet weight	550 pounds
Base price	To be announced

EVEN MORE SO THAN CARS, street motorcycles tend to have a national identity that's visible from far away. These days most

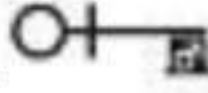
major makes build bikes that could be mistaken for other popular machines, but for decades the Italians were best-known for superb-handling sport bikes; the Germans for stout, long-haul touring mounts; the British for stylish, street-worthy bikes with a touch of sporting character; and the Japanese for bulletproof, affordable all-rounders. Here in the States, the signature machine has been the long, low V-twin cruiser, and with the exception of Harley-Davidson's now defunct Buell division, there hasn't been a serious American presence in the sport-bike genre.

Motus is planning to change that situation in a big way. The Birmingham, Alabama, company is building its own sport-touring motorcycle, which is dedicated to the concept of what a real-world sport bike should be. This is not just a stylish mount that will get your blood pumping when you twist the throttle; its design philosophy is to satisfy the needs of the true sport-riding enthusiast by delivering as much comfort and practicality as

performance. This idea and the company around it were spawned in an environment that all serious mile-munching riders can appreciate: a post-ride discussion about what the ideal motorcycle would look like. What literally started with a list of objectives scribbled on the back of a napkin in 2007 (including pleas for a bike with better performance, more comfort, longer range, better wind protection, lighter weight, and a sensible seat height) has become an obsession for Motus President Lee Conn and Vice President and Design Director Brian Case. "We didn't set out to make a sport tourer initially," explains Conn. "It wasn't until after the dust settled from brainstorming about our ultimate dream bike that we realized the concept had all the ingredients of what is generally known as a sport tourer."

The result is the Motus MST, a motorcycle that was created from the ground up to address all the design concerns while incorporating the company's passion for riding in an all-new American machine. The name Motus comes from a Latin term meaning "movement of the mind and soul," and naturally to move both together (at a good clip on a curvy back road, with luggage and your

favorite passenger), you need a 1,645-cc, 160-horsepower 90-degree V-4, with direct fuel injection. A six-speed transmission, lightweight trellis frame, fully adjustable suspension, and a generous fuel capacity all point to an extremely well-thought-out machine, and as of this writing, prototypes are out all over the United States undergoing extensive road testing. Production is scheduled to start in late 2011, and once a network is established through existing motorcycle dealerships, these carefully chosen outlets will start selling the MST as a 2012 model.

This is not just a whole new kind of American motorcycle, as welcome as that would be. The Motus may just be the dream machine many of us have been waiting for. 

THREE'S COMPANY

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to get around your girl's aversion to threesomes.

Illustration by Celia Calle

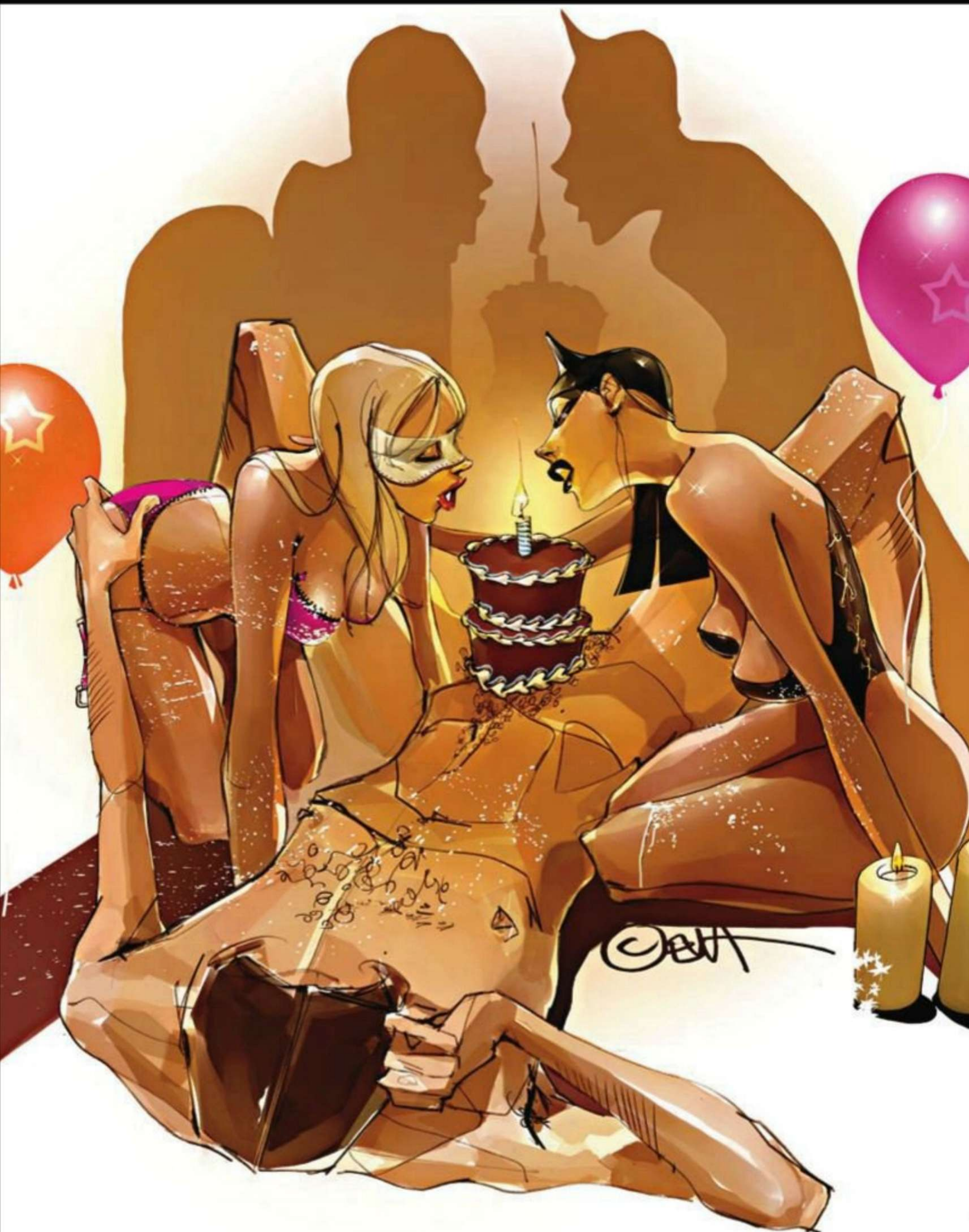
My birthday is coming up, and I figure it's a good time to get my girlfriend to do something she'd otherwise never do: a threesome. The thing is, she's said over and over again that she's not attracted to other girls and would never do it. Is there a way to convince her? Something tells me that using the "it's my birthday, bitch" line is not going to cut it.

You're right about one thing, my man: Birthdays are not about blowing out candles and playing pin the tail on the donkey.

They're about *you* getting blown and maybe even getting tail at a donkey show. (If you've spent any b-days in Tijuana, you know what I'm talking about.) You're a very lucky man if your girlfriend decides to throw you a "threebie"—a free pass to strip down to your birthday suit with two chicks—but that takes a special kind of woman. I'm thinking your lady is not going to like watching you spray your confetti all over some other girl's titties.

Try this instead: Ask her to go to a swingers party with you. Since it's not only your birthday, but Halloween is coming up, you might luck out. Scour the internet for a masquerade orgy, as she'll feel a lot less exposed if she's wearing a Batman mask. And remember that she's nixed the idea of a threesome more than once before, so you need to play it cool. Tell her that you're not looking for a threesome; it's just that it would turn you on to "show her off" to other men. You just want to "see how other couples do it" so you can learn some tricks to please her. See where I'm going with this? Make it all about how hot you are for *her*, and how much you want to please *her*.

Before the party, take her out and give her the most romantic night of her life—we're talking champagne, caviar, roses, violins, the whole proverbial shebang. Once you get to the club, hang out in the clothed section for a while—most clubs have them. With the help of a couple of drinks and a hot-and-heavy make-out session, she'll shed her inhibitions before hopefully shedding her clothes. After that, just hope she meets someone who makes her go "ooh" instead of "ew," and enjoy the occasion. 



FRIGHTFULLY DELICIOUS

Keep your tricks. This Halloween, adults get to enjoy all the treats, thanks to these strong and spooky potions.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

I fondly recall dressing as Chewbacca for Halloween when I was a child, and knocking on my neighbors' doors. I never had to resort to tricks. I always received treats: Baby Ruths, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, Nerds—enough goodies to keep me sugar-twitchy for weeks. As an adult, my increasingly furry shoulders and chest ably approximate my old costume. Yet on Halloween, I don't dare ring my neighbors' doorbells to beg for candy. Moreover, I've lost my taste for the sweet stuff. But dang it, on Halloween I still crave a treat.

Happily, the witching season is the perfect opportunity to scare up a spookily delicious cocktail. Head to a bar during October, and chances are you'll find alcoholic renditions of candy, such as Tootsie Roll or Milky Way Martinis. The trend "taps into the kid in all of us who ate candy corn and all the sticky little things on Halloween," says Paul Clarke, a contributing editor at drinks magazine *Imbibe*. But just like childhood's Halloween-candy binge, "taking in that much sugar in a drink is not a good idea," Clarke says. "People forget that one time they ate too much candy and barfed their guts out. They seem doomed to repeat their mistakes." Instead, Clarke suggests dipping into the rich canon of creepy-sounding cocktails. For starters, he likes a devilish libation named Satan's Whiskers. "It's a delightful little drink with a citrusy, sour component that's pretty approachable," Clarke says of the marriage of gin, Grand Marnier,

orange juice, and both dry and sweet vermouth. "It's not going to pound you over the head with an overwhelming amount of sugar or alcohol."

Equally easygoing is the morbid-sounding Corpse Reviver No. 2, the origins of which stretch back to the nineteenth century. Back then, Tylenol and Alka-Seltzer couldn't come to the rescue. Instead, barkeeps concocted morning-friendly drinks purported to revive the dead—or, at least the deathly hungover. "It's not as potent as a Martini or a Manhattan, and even the lightest of lightweights will be able to have one," Clarke says of the bright concoction, which is fashioned with gin, Lillet, Cointreau, fresh lemon juice, and a haunting hint of absinthe.

Following in the Reviver's deathly footsteps is the Obituary Cocktail, which hails from that land of ghostly intrigue, New Orleans. "It touches back on the flavors we saw in the late nineteenth century," Clarke says of the drink, whose name doubles as the moniker of a secret order of New Orleans tipplers. "Essentially, it's a Martini with a little bit of absinthe. It's very dry, very potent, and has an ethereal anise flavor. People who enjoy anise and the botanical complexity of gin and vermouth will love this drink."

What if you don't love anise and you still want to experience the Halloween spirit? Turn your taste buds on to the Zombie, a potent brew that's "designed to pound you into submission," Clarke says. Popularized by legendary California barman Donn Beach in the 1930s, the Zombie is a precisely calibrated blend of fruit juices, aromatic liqueurs, and rum, rum, rum: The original Zombie, served at Hollywood's Don the Beachcomber,



The Trader Vic's Zombie

INGREDIENTS

1 ounce Jamaican dark rum
2 ounces Puerto Rican light rum
1/2 ounce 151 Demerara rum
1 ounce Orange Curaçao
1 ounce lemon juice
1 ounce orange juice
1/2 ounce Grenadine
1 dash Pernod

Mix ingredients with a large chunk of ice. Stir well, then pour over cracked ice in a tall glass or large tiki mug.

reportedly packed a whopping seven and a half ounces of hooch. While the drink lands a boozy haymaker, the fruit juices ably mask the alcohol. The result is a "complex cocktail that hits with lots of different flavors," Clarke enthuses. "It's incredibly delicious when mixed properly."

Therein lies the problem. The Zombie is so brawny, yet simultaneously easy-sipping, that the original Beachcomber forbade customers from tipping back more than two of the tiki drinks—any more and you'd become as brain-dead as a ghoulish flesh-eater. Then again, maybe you should have a third. Consider it your Halloween costume. ☠️



[nikki]

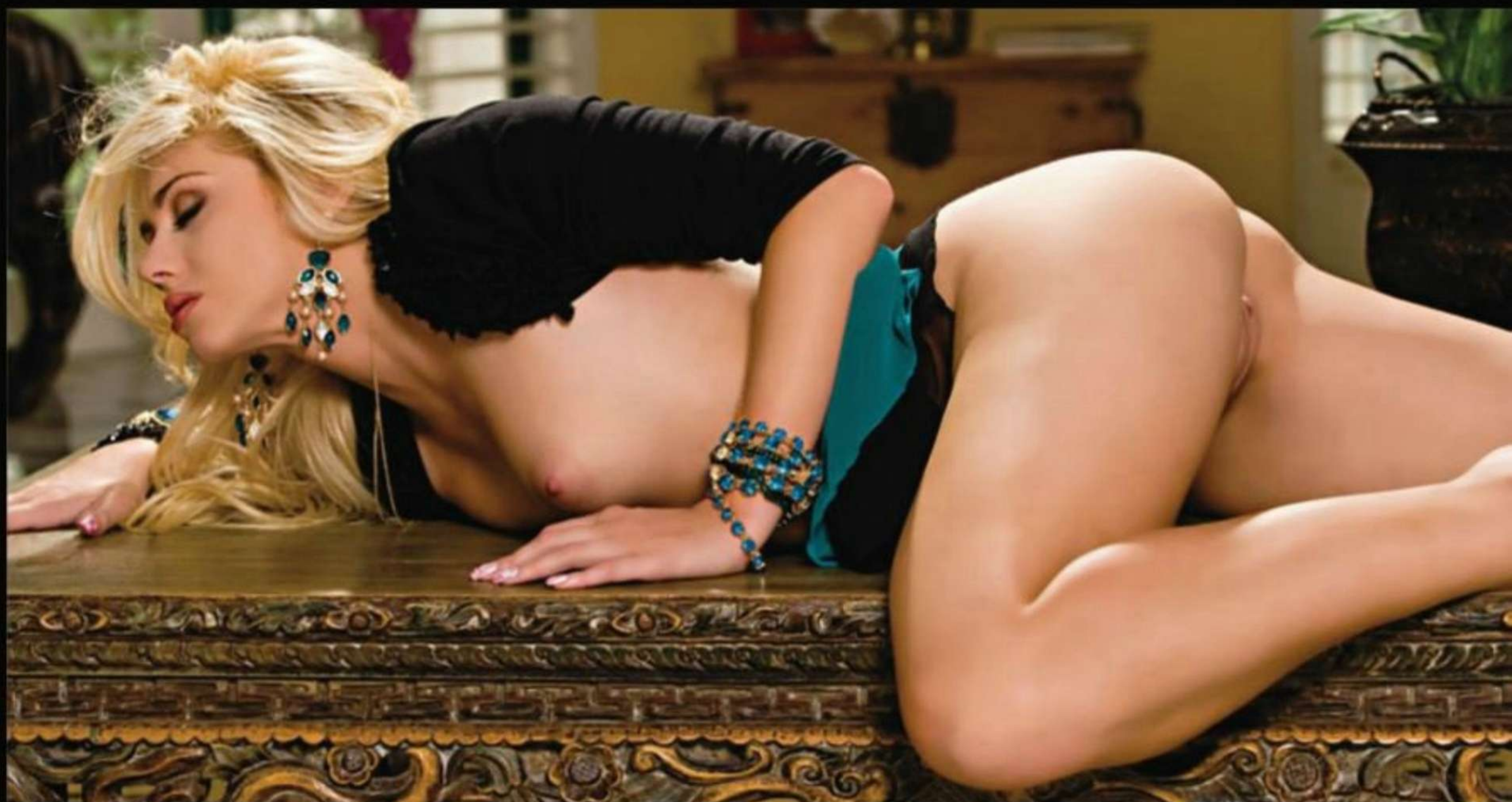




sex kitten kane

Nikki Kane, a 23-year-old who hails from a small town in Ohio, made plans as a teen to capitalize on her exhibitionist streak. "After stumbling across a relative's collection of *Penthouse* magazines, I knew exactly what I wanted to do," she tells us. "It's so cliché, but I got into porn because I wanted to be in *Penthouse*."

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



“When people ask what I do, I tell them I’m an adult model, a girl-girl performer, and a professional partier. I’m always at clubs, networking and making things happen. But when the cameras are off, I’m a total goofball. I like to make an ass of myself for my own amusement. I have no shame.”







"I like a guy who has a good personality and who's not afraid to experiment in the sack—the kinkier, the better. But no matter how good he is in bed, I won't put up with a guy who's cocky or dishonest. I don't have time for pretentious assholes."



"I love sex. I'm pretty much a nymphomaniac. My favorite positions are cowgirl and doggie-style, but I'll try anything. I think I'm good at it all, too, but I've heard I give really great blowjobs."





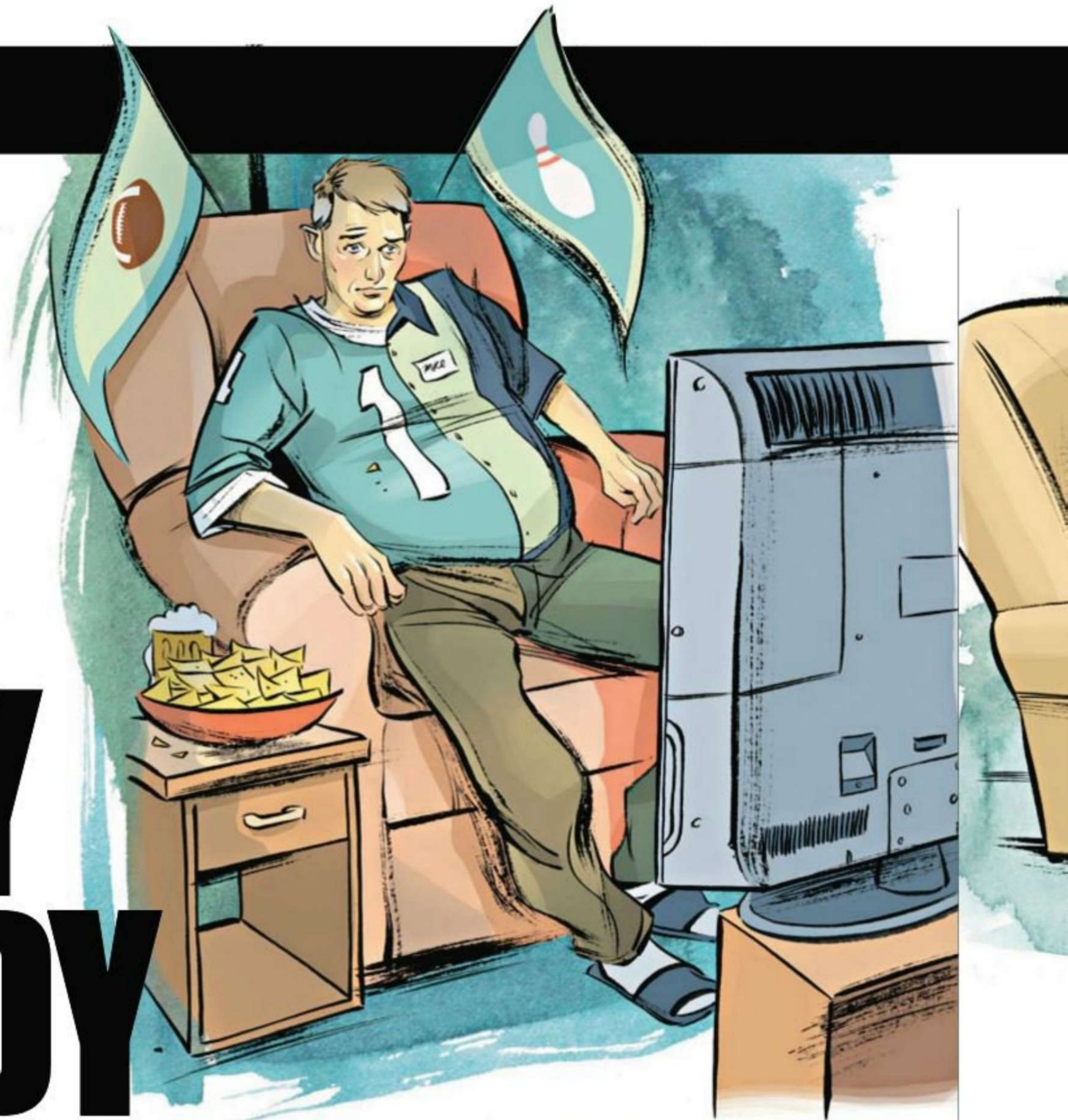


“In real life, I love to fuck as much as I do on camera, and it drives my man crazy! That’s why I do porn. It’s a great way for me to express all my desires and meet new people I can enjoy sharing those desires with.”

SEE MORE OF NIKKI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



ARE THEY READY FOR SOME FOOTBALL?



We put our 2011 NFL preview to bed while the labor dispute still raged. But we had faith there'd be games this year.

*By Peter Schrager
Illustrations by Kagan McLeod*

We present this season's NFL preview while flush with optimism. As we went to press, the billionaire owners had not yet made nice with the millionaire players and lifted their lockout, thereby ensuring that there will be football on September 8.

But we have every confidence that they will! We firmly believe there *will* come an end to courtroom updates from a disheveled Adam Schefter, to Twitter feuds between idle Pro Bowlers, and to agents railing against the greed of the owners. We just know it. We have no doubt that instead of all that lockout detritus, there will be fantasy drafts, tailgating, sports-bar trash talk, and (yes!) actual NFL football games this fall.

There's just too much money at stake for that not to happen.

Right? (Right.)

But just in case, before we get to the 2011 football stuff, let's start with information that might come in handy in the event of another work stoppage—or if you're just fed up.



THINGS TO DO INSTEAD OF WATCHING FOOTBALL

START FOLLOWING THE PROFESSIONAL BOWLERS ASSOCIATION.

You might not know this, but the PBA airs its tournaments on ESPN every Sunday in the fall. Why not swap out Peyton and Tom for Pete and Stuart. Who? Pete Weber and Stuart Williams, two of the PBA tour's top performers. Just as in football, there are regional favorites, funky-looking "jerseys," and standings to track. Get into it. Maybe you could start a fantasy league, or do some pre-tourney tailgating. This could work.

JOIN YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER ON SHOPPING SPREES.

Ever been to a Marshall's? A TJ Maxx? How about a Bed Bath & Beyond, or a Crate & Barrel? No? Find out what you're missing! Learn about thread counts, bed skirts, and shams—and countless other items you had no idea were missing from your life.

CATCH UP ON ALL OF THOSE SHOWS EVERYONE'S BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT.

The downside of an NFL season lost due to a work stoppage is bottomless depression and misery. The upside? You now have 12 vacant hours to fill every Sunday, for four months. You know those shows every one of your friends knocks you for not watching? *Breaking Bad*, *Mad Men*, *Justified*—we could go on. Well, guess what? Now's your chance to fill all of your pop-cultural blind spots.

NFL TIMEOUTS

Whether by strike or by lockout, four NFL seasons have been shortened by work stoppages. Let's take a look back.

1968

A quick and barely reported-on series of negotiations, the '68 players' "strike" involved a dispute over preseason pay, and was resolved by the time training camps opened.

1974

Unlike the '68 kerfuffle, this stoppage caused players to miss some on-field action, even if it was just preseason play. After owners rejected their demands, which included guaranteed payment of salaries, the players went on strike. They stayed on the picket line for 44 days, missing the first four weeks of the preseason, until mediator W. J. Utery helped resolve the dispute.

1982

Two weeks into the season, the players went on strike, holding their position for 57 days, and reducing the schedule from 16 to 9 games. Washington's Mark Moseley—a kicker—was named MVP of the abbreviated season. That's right, a kicker.

1987

Again, players walked after two games, but this time, the NFL owners had a hardball response ready—scabs, replacement players. Truck drivers, mailmen, and Vince Papale wannabes from all over the country tried out for teams, and many played in three NFL games. Eventually, NFL stars such as Lawrence Taylor crossed the picket line, and the strike fizzled.

THE OLD RECEIVERS CLUB

Several veteran receivers stand at a crossroads in 2011. Will they put up numbers or be put out to pasture? We make the call.

NO ONE WANTED TO SEE JOE NAMATH IN A RAMS JERSEY, or Johnny Unitas' black high-tops paired with Chargers' powder blue, or Emmitt Smith shuffling into the line of scrimmage as a third-down back on the Arizona Cardinals. This season, five accomplished NFL receivers enter the year with their immediate futures in doubt. A big 2011 could boost their legacies, and in some cases, Hall of Fame candidacies. A bad one could finish their careers.



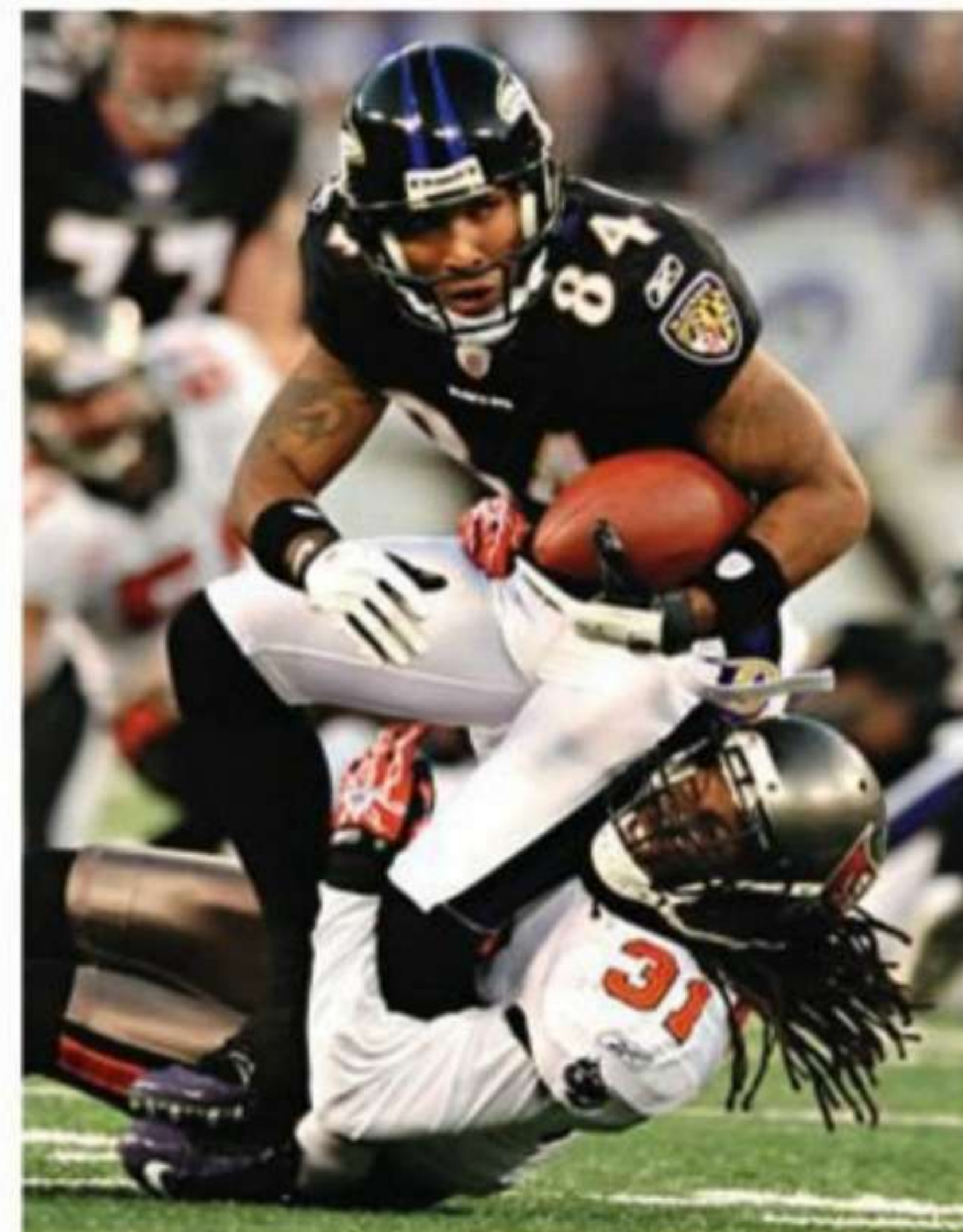
RANDY MOSS, 34 (above): Moss had a bizarre 2010 season in which he played for three teams, winding down the year as a reserve in Tennessee. He's a first-ballot Hall of Famer, but does he have anything left to offer?
Penthouse prediction: His best days are behind him, but there are not many receivers who are more dangerous in the red zone. If he lands on a team with a decent QB, he'll produce.



TERRELL OWENS, 37 (above): The five-time NFL All-Pro caught 72 passes and scored nine touchdowns in Cincinnati last season. But off-season knee surgery, and his age, could scare teams away.
Penthouse prediction: Owens is an off-the-charts physical specimen with an uncanny ability to bounce back from injury (see Super Bowl XXXIX), but his ACL surgery in April makes us doubt he'll be ready for the start of 2011.

PLAXICO BURRESS, 34: He spent two years in prison after accidentally shooting himself in a New York City nightclub in 2008, and now, Burress approaches the 2011 season as arguably the biggest question mark in the league.

Penthouse prediction: A team will take a shot on him (no pun intended.... Okay, pun intended), but players have a history of coming back slowly from prison stints. Burress will need time to adjust.



T. J. HOUSHMANDZADEH, 33 (above): After a consistently productive eight-year run in Cincinnati, "Hoosh" just wasn't the same during forgettable years in Seattle and Baltimore.
Penthouse prediction: A third receiver, at best—don't expect any more 100-catch seasons from the former Pro Bowler.

CHAD OCHOCINCO, 33: The artist formerly known as Chad Johnson put up respectable numbers in 2010, catching 67 passes in 14 games for the Bengals. A three-time NFL All-Pro, Ochocinco's ability is often overlooked because of his unorthodox antics off the field.
Penthouse prediction: Now that he's been traded to New England, look for the off-field high jinks to be toned down, and his production to be ramped up.

CONTENDERS, SLEEPERS, UPSTARTS, AND NO-HOPERS

Handicapping the 2011 season

THE FAVORITE

Green Bay Packers: The Pack lost Ryan Grant, Nick Barnett, and Jermichael Finley to season-ending injuries last year, and responded by winning the Super Bowl. Then they loaded up on three top-flight offensive talents out of the SEC in the draft. Green Bay should be better, wiser, and deeper than they were in 2010.

THE SLEEPER

Detroit Lions: The Lions haven't made the playoffs since 1999, but engines are revving in the Motor City ahead of the 2011 season. Detroit closed out last season with four straight wins, quarterback Matt Stafford is finally healthy (for now), and the Lions added stud tackle Nick Fairley to an already-elite defensive line. Rookies Titus Young and Mikel Leshoure are expected to make immediate impacts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) GRANT HALVERSON/GETTY IMAGES, TOM CAMMETT/DIAMOND IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES, LLOYD FOX/BALTIMORE SUN/MCT VIA GETTY IMAGES, MICHAEL LOCCISANO/GETTY IMAGES FOR TIME, FRAZER HARRISON/GETTY IMAGES FOR IMG, ANDREAS RENTZ/GETTY IMAGES, CHARLES ESHelman/FILMMAGIC, TOM GISONDI/FILMMAGIC

TOP 5 NFL BABES WHO COULD TIDE THEIR MEN OVER IN A WORK STOPPAGE

Should certain NFL stars find themselves cash-poor after the lockout, these career gals can help.



CANDICE CRAWFORD
(Tony Romo, Dallas Cowboys)

She and Romo were married in May 2011. If football ever goes away again, she can always go back to her regional-TV career to help the family make ends meet.



KRISTIN CAVALLARI
(Jay Cutler, Chicago Bears; former)

She appeared on *The Hills* or *The Beach* or *The Undertow* or some bottom-of-the-barrel "reality" show and, apparently, has parlayed it into a TV and/or B-movie career. Maybe her ex-fiancé can hit her up for a loan if NFL labor woes ever return.



HAYDEN PANETTIERE
(Scotty McKnight, New York Jets; rumored)

She was on *Heroes* and starred in *Scream 4*. The unproven McKnight would be covered—and, hey, maybe she could get him a job as a production assistant.



JULIE HENDERSON
(Aaron Rodgers, Green Bay Packers; former)

Maybe Henderson, a thriving (to say the least) *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model, would take Rodgers back if football went away again. But why the hell did he ever let her go?



GISELE BÜNDCHEN
(Tom Brady, New England Patriots)

The Brazilian superdupermodel made \$25 million in 2010. Brady, thanks to a \$16 million signing bonus, pulled in \$26.5 million that year. It was the first time he'd earned more than she in a year since they'd been together. These two kids will be okay.

THE YOUNG GUN

Tampa Bay Buccaneers: Despite being the youngest team in the league last season, the Bucs finished just one win shy of the postseason. With Atlanta and New Orleans each coming off playoff campaigns, the NFC South has never been tougher. But look for the Bucs—who added defensive ends Adrian Clayborn and Da'Quan Bowers in the draft—to pose a real challenge.

THE UNKNOWN

New York Jets: The Jets have played in back-to-back AFC Championship Games, but there are serious question marks about their roster in 2011. Braylon Edwards and Santonio Holmes are no longer working as a 1-2 combo, and key players on offense (Holmes, Edwards, and Brad Smith) and defense (Kris Jenkins) were all free agents and could be playing for other teams.

THE DREGS

Carolina Panthers: What do you get when you pair a first-year quarterback (Cam Newton) with a first-year head coach (Ron Rivera)? Trust us, nothing good.

Body of Work

There's a school of artists that thinks that naked women like those we admire in these pages every month can be improved upon with a layer of paint.

By Jennifer Peters



When we here at *Penthouse* think of gorgeous nude women being used for artistic purposes, we think of the photographic wonders we share with our readers in every issue: beautiful women doing their thing in their birthday suits, or near enough. Body painting combines the inherent eroticism of seeing a naked woman with artistic elements typically saved for the canvas, creating beautiful and bewildering works of flesh and fantasy.

One of the best body painters on the scene is Patrick Leis, an illustrator and writer from Copenhagen who found his way into the world of body painting by accident. "I was at a carnival with friends and did some face-painting for them," he tells us. "Some event planner came by and saw my work and wanted to know if I also did body paint, so I said sure. I'd never tried it before, but next thing I know I'm on a stage painting a model, and a magazine is taking pictures. I started to get calls for professional body-paint work after that."



While Leis paints a lot of T-shirts, lingerie, and other clothing on models at the behest of his clients, he insists the possibilities are endless; he's best known for his sci-fi-themed creations. "My favorite style is to blend the erotic—which draws the eye—with the scary stuff, which makes you want to look away."

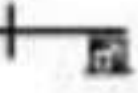


That combination of aesthetics helped Leis win the European and World Bodypaint Championships, as well as both body-paint challenges in the 2010 World Art Connect competition, where he was up against 14 of the best artists in his field, all of whom had won other championship titles. That respect among his peers and those wins make it easy to find models—"Sometimes I come across a woman I simply *must* work with, but most models call me. Usually they find me online"—even though the job of modeling is no easy task. One of his pieces can take anywhere from three to eight hours to complete, during which the model has to be naked and fairly still—and then she needs to be photographed. But when Leis finds a model, he makes sure to keep her happy. "It's all about chemistry," he explains. "If you can make them laugh, that helps. I take my work seriously, but not myself, and that helps them relax."

"I want the models to trust me," Leis continues, "and I always ask if they want to bring someone along when we work. Anything that will make them more comfortable. The models I work with tend to be real professionals, and I make sure they know what they're getting themselves into and what they can expect from me. You have to make the models happy to get the best work out of them. One bad review can ruin you in this industry."

Despite those hours Leis spends with his attractive naked canvases, he says that that's all they are. "When looking at the pictures after a project is complete and the brushes have been washed, of course I can appreciate the great-looking girls," he assures us. "But I don't think I'd be able to do body paint if I couldn't separate my profession from my personal life."

That doesn't mean you can't get up close and personal with a model of your own. While Leis works primarily with an airbrush to paint his living masterpieces, he suggests the at-home painter start out with edible chocolate body paint and try some abstract art. "A simple T-shirt or swimsuit is easy, and seeing the finished work can be quite satisfying," he says. "I use all kinds of tools, props, and techniques. Anything I can think of. I'll use an old grill plate as a stencil, make patterns with latex or tape—pretty much anything you can imagine can be used."

You heard the man: It's time to give free rein to your imagination. Of course, Halloween provides the perfect opportunity. Just tell your girl you've discovered the perfect way to create a homemade costume that you can both enjoy. 



MOVIE MASHUPS

“Director’s cut” DVDs are so twentieth century. Today’s “fan edit” film makeovers are the hotter product. Some people think they’re better than the originals. Some producers think their creators should be prosecuted.

By Blair R. Fischer
Illustration by Clark Mitchell

One can argue the “fan edit” subculture began the instant Jar Jar Binks opened his computer-generated mouth. When he did, some 15 minutes into 1999’s *The Phantom Menace*, the *Star Wars* übernerds simply wished he’d shut the hell up. The clumsy, floppy-eared Gungan from the planet Naboo, who spoke with a grating, pseudo-Rastafarian accent, was more than enough to piss off the lightsaber-wielding dweebs who’d camped in front of Cineplexes in anticipation of the first *Star Wars* prequel.

But Jar Jar’s inexplicable debut didn’t stop Mike J. Nichols, an aspiring film editor—no relation to *The Graduate* director—from seeing it in theaters thrice. “I really wanted to like it,” he said. But, like most fans of the original trilogy, “I just couldn’t get to *that* place.” Rather than firebomb Lucasfilm, he decided to do something constructive, something ambitious, something anonymous, something that had never been done before. He waited until *The Phantom Menace* was released on VHS in April 2000, and then promptly reedited the entire movie under the alias “the

Phantom Editor,” leaving virtually all appearances by Jar Jar on the cutting-room floor.

For a while, copies of the tape circulated at comic-book conventions and from friends to friends of friends, until somebody uploaded *The Phantom Edit* to an internet newsgroup in early 2001. While the identity of the Phantom Editor remained as shrouded as a pre-*Jedi* Darth Vader, news of the *Edit*’s existence circulated mostly as rumor—like a yeti or a sexually active nerd. With no one to credit, one theory was that *Clerks* director (and known *Star Wars* nut) Kevin Smith did it, until he was forced to deny it—while at the same time confirming its existence. But as the internet expanded, so too did newsgroups, and soon the *Edit* was readily available—for free! When the *Menace* DVD came out in October



2001, Nichols reedited *Edit*—this time with commentary. He was an instant legend.

“It was the perfect storm of horrible movie, intense fan love of a franchise, and skilled editor with access to a growing technology,” says a 40-year-old fan editor from Florida known as Greencapt. “In my circles, more people were talking about [Nichols’] version than the actual movie.”

Even Ahmed Best, the voice of Jar Jar Binks, calls *The Phantom Edit* “great.” Best doesn’t feel at all slighted by Nichols’ mostly Jar Jar-free version. “If a fan thought that character should have been taken out and he took his time to do that, why should that affect me?” Best says. “That’s their idea. That’s their vision.”

“Some will like [*The Phantom Edit*] better than the original, some will call it blasphemy,” says Blueyoda, a 41-year-old fan editor from Quebec. “But it should definitely be considered a work of art on its own merits.”

Using *The Phantom Edit* as an archetype, aspiring filmmakers living in their parents’ basements all over the world—along with those needing any excuse to remain intimate with the movies they love (or, in some cases, loathe)—fired up their Womble MPEG Video Wizards and got to work. A decade after *Edit* went viral, hundreds of other fan edits now circulate on file-hosting sites like RapidShare, BitTorrent sites such as Demonoid and Pirate Bay, and a seemingly infinite number of newsgroups. FanEdit.org, for one, provides insider details about and links to more than 300 fan edits, plus the ability to download customized, pro-quality DVD artwork that’s more or less lifted from the original packaging.

Like Nichols originally did, most fan editors operate under aliases, although no two for the same reason. “My [legal] name is Steve,” says Blueyoda, who also goes by Pinkyoda when he’s feeling “naughty.” “That is the name *other* people have chosen for me. When and if you become an adult, you will develop your own opinions on life, art, what is fair and what is unfair, and build your own personal moral values system, which will be slightly or perhaps largely different from those that have been imprinted upon you. Therefore, your given name, your imprinted identity, should no longer apply.” Fair enough.

For others, like Alex (aka Reverend Beastly), it’s as simple as, “Dorky web forums are a good place for fake



Jar Jar Binks and Rodney Dangerfield end up on the cutting-room floor; *Jaws* becomes a grindhouse film about a relentless mass murderer.

names.” Most, however, depend on stealth for fear of prosecution. And rightly so.

For now, the blue, pink, and yellow yodas of the cyberworld seem to be operating (and uploading) under the guise of the “fair use” doctrine, although that’s a great source of debate among those in the know. Schuyler Moore, an entertainment attorney with Stroock & Stroock & Lavan LLP, says the law protects only fan edits that parody the original; with “anything other than that, you’re just not safe.” That interpretation would potentially protect very few fan edits—and certainly not the truncated *Phantom Edit*.

“On the one end, it’s the improper use of someone else’s material,” says Jonathan Handel, an entertainment attorney with TroyGould and contributing editor at *The Hollywood Reporter*. “You’re stealing their stuff. On the other end, it’s the equivalent of putting up a poster in your dorm room, except that people’s walls are now their Facebook pages and

people don’t just put a poster up, they modify it. And the poster isn’t just a photo, it’s an audiovisual work.”

Ralph Winter, producer of many *X-Men* and *Star Trek* films—both frequent fan-edit franchises—thinks fan edits are “kinda fun.” He says, “As a filmmaker, I think it’s incredible that fans want to participate and delve a little further into the material.”

To date, no court has set a precedent on the issue of fan edits, and every major film studio refused to weigh in on the issue. However, Lucasfilm spokesperson Lynne Hale says, “We don’t support the reediting of films, but very much support fan enthusiasm done on a noncommercial level.” Smart, considering those who are disemboweling *Star Wars* films are the same people purchasing adult-size Ewok costumes. As entertainment lawyer Moore says, “You don’t want to piss off your fan base. It’s better to let them do their thing than to stop them.”

Derek Hoffman, a producer on *Superman II: The Richard Donner Cut*, concurs. “As a fan, which I am, I think [fan edits] are really interesting,” he says. “However, on the practical side, they’re recutting a film you made and using characters and telling stories



that somebody else owns. Is that any different from kids getting together and playing with *Star Wars* action figures and creating their own stories and universes there? They're just doing it in a more technological way."

That's little solace to producer/director Marshall Herskowitz, whose mostly art-house films (*Blood Diamond*, *I Am Sam*, *Traffic*) have remained fan edit-free. Herskowitz is president emeritus of the Producer's Guild of America and a big opponent of fan edits, calling them "a terrible thing."

"By changing the intended output of the author, that is an infringement on copyright," he says. "It's not about commercial exploitation. It's about promulgation of a new work that is not the intention of the author."

While former FanEdit.org head Boon23 claims the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) has sent FanEdit.org at least one cease-and-desist letter demanding that the site stop promoting fan edits—and temporarily shut down the site in 2008—the MPAA seemed only vaguely concerned when we contacted them.

"We don't spend a lot of time focusing on fan edits," says John Malcolm, the MPAA's director of worldwide antipiracy operations. "There's plenty of whole distribution and copying to occupy our time." According to the MPAA, wholesale

piracy costs the film industry billions of dollars a year.

News of the MPAA's apparent ambivalence should appease fan editors, most of whom recommend the viewer buy and watch the original film before screening theirs. (FanEdit.org posts a disclaimer that states a visitor to the site must own the original film to legally watch an edit.)

According to Boon23, the *Star Wars* prequels have been fan edited more than any other franchise, simply "because they frustrated the most people," and, of course, the most rabid *Star Wars* fans are almost certifiable. More than 60 *Star Wars*-related films are listed on FanEdit.org alone. *Superman* is a distant second with around 20.

Some fan edits require almost no imagination (the title *Pulp Fiction: The Chronological Edit* speaks for itself); some remove elements deemed irritating (Rodney Dangerfield's character is mostly absent in *Caddyshack: No Respect*, as is the syrupy love story in *Pearl Harbor: Strength and Honor Edition*). Others—like *Batman and Robin De-Assified*—are complete overhauls. The handiwork of Greencapt, *De-Assified* shaves some 60 minutes off *Batman & Robin*'s running time, mostly by eliminating bad puns, juvenile visual jokes, some of the movie's stupider subplots, and too many gratuitous shots of the cast's derrieres. "I actually saw the movie in the theater when it was released," Greencapt says, "and there's nothing like seeing George Clooney's vinyl-clad ass 40 feet tall."

"As I'm editing, I'm trying to think of a name for it," Greencapt says, "and I'm like, 'The movie itself is kind of "ass." *De-Assified*, hey.'"

Fan editor the Man Behind the Mask uploaded *Jaws: The Sharksploitation Edit*, which reimagines 1975's *Jaws* as a grindhouse film and turns a great white shark who kills indiscriminately into a relentless mass murderer. The fan edit seamlessly incorporates footage from three *Jaws* films (mostly the original) and six others, including the TV movie *Spring Break Shark Attack*. In one scene, the shark assails a school of swimmers, killing a windsurfer, a little boy, a dog, and probably some trout, and wounding countless others as Iggy Pop's "fuck"-filled "Go for the Throat" blares away. Elsewhere, songs by the Beach Boys, Townes Van Zandt, Manowar, and Metallica help inject

mood-altering elements of camp and melodrama. (That music usage, by the way, *is* a clear copyright violation, but don't tell Lars Ulrich.) Even the ending is different. Spoiler alert: It involves the film *Orca*.

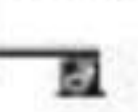
"[*Sharksploitation*] doesn't pretend to be better than the original," Blueyoda says. "And it's not. It's simply a new way to appreciate this great classic."

Blueyoda has created about 50 fan edits, or what he prefers to call "mashups." His coup de grâce is *Dead Awake*, a retooling of 1986's *Aliens* where Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) and her marine crew are battling flesh-eating zombies instead of aliens. The 18-minute mashup uses footage from 12 films, including the zombie-themed *Land of the Dead*, *Day of the Dead*, and *Dawn of the Dead*, plus other Weaver films like the original *Alien* and *Copycat*. Similar to *Sharksploitation*, the ending is entirely original. Another spoiler alert: It involves an undead Newt.

"A lot of the work was watching many, many zombie movies, including some really atrocious ones, just to get the particular shots I needed," Blueyoda says. "But some of those movies I watched with friends, and nothing beats an evening of bad movies and plenty of beer."

It took Blueyoda three months to finish *Dead Awake*, at a rate of about six hours a day. You do the math. "I don't see any difference between the creation process of a 'normal' movie and what I'm creating," he says by way of explaining his sweat-shop work schedule.

Boon23 adds, "It has nothing to do with respect for the original artist, but everything to do with the desire to make the world you live in your own."

Boon23—a preschool teacher from Germany who also goes by CBB—has created 40 fan edits, including *Star Trek: Kirkless Generations* and *The Matrix DeZIONized*. "If it happens that you prefer the *Mona Lisa* with a painted mustache, why not do it?" he says. "It's basically the desire for individuality that causes [fan edits]. You don't want your steak standardized. You want it with a bit more salt or pepper or some strange spice, because that's how *you* prefer it." 

EVERYWHERE MAN

Tyler Labine has become the go-to sidekick for sci-fi shows—most notably as the soul-sucking best friend on *Reaper*, the conspiracy-theorist brother on *Invasion*, and the ghost-whispering drummer on *Dead Last*. Now, with three hyped-up movies hitting theaters this summer, he's plotting an invasion of the film world.

By Kara Wahlgren • Photographs by Miguel Starceвич

Some guys have all the luck. Tyler Labine isn't one of them. On paper, it would look as if he's had a string of lucky breaks. As a teen, he scored a role on the cheeseball comedy *Breaker High* (picture a Canadian *Saved by the Bell*, set on a cruise ship and costarring Ryan Gosling). He quickly found his niche in TV's popular paranormal neighborhood, making guest appearances on *The X-Files*,

NightMan, *Dark Angel*, and *Poltergeist: The Legacy*. He landed film roles in the computer thriller *Antitrust* and the big-budget fighter-pilot drama *Flyboys*. Since 2006, he's had high-profile gigs on four promising network shows: *Invasion*, *Reaper*, *Sons of Tucson*, and *Mad Love*.

But the résumé reads better than the reality. *Antitrust* was a flop, barely earning back half of its production budget. *Flyboys* would be better categorized as an epic fail, grossing less than \$15 million on a \$60 million budget. *Invasion* was an instant cult favorite, premiering in a primo time slot (following *Lost*) and drawing nine million viewers even in its slow weeks—but it still ended up on the chopping block after its first season.

Reaper was a fanboy favorite, but met the same fate after two shortened seasons. Last year, *Sons of Tucson* was canceled after only four episodes; earlier this year, *Mad Love* was canceled after half a season.

This all means Labine's track record can be summed up in four words: What the *fuck*, man? But despite the apparent curse, one crucial factor has worked in Labine's favor—everybody likes him. Even when his characters are rounding up souls for the devil or meeting cute on a cheesy sitcom, he tends to be an audience favorite and serial scene-stealer. It's no surprise that he's getting another shot—or three—at mainstream success, with a hat trick of potentially awesome movies this summer.

In August, he plays a primatologist in *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*, a prequel to the franchise (and, hopefully, an act of contrition for the 2001 film). In September, he appears with Jason Sudeikis and Will Forte in *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*. And a few weeks later, he stars in the horror-comedy *Tucker & Dale vs. Evil*—about two hillbillies who are mistaken for psycho-killers after a series of wildly gory mishaps—which debuted at last year's Sundance festival and won the Midnight Audience Award at SXSW. We caught up with Labine before his big-screen takeover to talk about his newfound ubiquitousness and whether he's giving TV the ax.

You have three movies coming out at the same time, but you filmed them in different years, right?

That's correct. The oldest one was three years ago, almost—*A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*. It's a little odd that they're all grouped together, but it worked out really well for me because





it kind of seems like I'm the busiest guy in the world.

Let's start with *Tucker & Dale*. How did you end up in that?

I got [the script] and was like, "This is really funny!" I gave it to my wife and was like, "Can you read this and make sure that I'm not an idiot—that this is funny?" She's my litmus test. She came back to me and was like, "Oh, you have to do this—this is really clever." But at that point there wasn't an offer or anything.

Writer/director Eli Craig didn't have much of a track record—just a few bit parts and short films—so how'd he convince you to do the movie?

He was in Vancouver, and that's my hometown. We happened to be there at the same time, so I met with him, and he was pitching me really hard. And I remember my initial reaction was like, "You haven't done anything, really, within the industry." But he was making it very clear that I have a good TV track record, but in the film world I'm still trying to scratch the surface. He was like, "Look, I'm willing to take a big chance on you if you're willing to take a big chance on me." And I did, and it was wonderful and sexy and beautiful. It's a very sexy movie—it's dripping with sex.

Oh, yeah, that's the vibe we got.
It's the *opposite* of sexy.

Was it fun to play an American redneck?

Oh, man, you have no idea. That was the idea of the film—to exploit the exact archetype of the West Virginian hillbilly. We got to pull out all the stops, and I loved it, man, because no stone was left unturned. Nothing was too far. And you know, Canada has rednecks, too. A redneck is a redneck, right? They love their beer, they love their truck, they probably have a woman they don't treat very good. It's a universal thing.

True. Now, in *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*, you got to work with James Franco, John Lithgow, Andy Serkis, Freida Pinto.... What was that like?

Cool, man. It was the second movie I've done with Franco; we did *Flyboys* together. I think, technically, that was one of the biggest movie flops of all time. It was very expensive and made next to nothing. I didn't know John Lithgow or Andy Serkis, but what lovely gentlemen they were. John



Lithgow had somebody on-set come and grab me, like, "Mr. Lithgow would like to meet you." He was sitting in his chair and I was like, "Hi, Mr. Lithgow, I'm Tyler Labine." And he's like, "Ah, yes, I'm Johnny Lithgow." I was like, "Yeah, I'm a really big fan of yours!" And he went, "Oh, *pshaw*." Of course John Lithgow said "Oh, *pshaw*"—what a John Lithgow thing to say.

How was the experience of working with CGI apes?

It was really cool! The effects race to the moon, especially for [effects company] Weta—they have to be so far ahead of the game. I've been in some effects-driven shows and movies before, but this was unbelievable, working with these guys in crazy suits covered with little lightbulbs. And they have green teeth so they can CGI the teeth in later. They had arm stilts, so they could walk on their hands like chimps. I probably can't reveal too much or they'll come via helicopter and shoot

me. But fighting with the apes was really interesting, because I'd shoot it with the actor in the motion-capture costume ... and then I'd do the whole thing a bunch of times without any actor, so I'm just miming this fight, which was a little strange. People were obviously trying not to laugh. I think it's akin to when they used to make those old monster movies, and they'd throw a guy in the lake with the big inflatable octopus, and they'd have to make it look like he's fighting that thing. You gotta earn that scene!

Doing another *Planet of the Apes* definitely falls into the category of taking a chance on a film. What convinced you to sign on?

Well, to work with James [Franco] again—I was pretty excited about that. Plus, it was shot in Vancouver, and I'm all over any opportunity to shoot in my hometown. And I was really fascinated with the script. The more I got into it, and the closer I got to doing the project, it was really apparent to me how precious and beloved the franchise is to its fanboys and -girls. It's unbelievable—a complete phenomenon. It's pretty

"It wasn't like it took *too* much convincing for me to do a \$100 million movie! I'm pretty into doing a movie that people will actually see."



cool to be part of any filmic cultural phenomenon. I wish I could've been in a *Star Wars* movie. I wish I could've been in *The Matrix*. Now I can be in the *Planet of the Apes* franchise. And, like I said, I'm still making traction in the film world, so it wasn't like it took *too* much convincing for me to do a \$100 million movie! I'm pretty into doing a movie that people will actually see.

And you have *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy* coming out. What did your wife think when you told her you were going to be in that?

I handed [the script] to her and she was like, "Are you fucking *kidding*

me?" And I was like, "I know, I know—the title is a real attention-grabber. But read it. I think the title belies what it's actually about." Obviously the title is very catchy—"Yeah, I'm going to check out *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*! I'm going to do *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*!" It's goofy. We all kind of stepped back from the title. But then they tried to change it and we were all like, "Whoa, whoa, whoa! Wait a second, don't you dare touch that title!" We all got really proprietary over it: "This movie is called *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy* or nothing!"

You mentioned your TV characters—you had four short-lived shows in the past few years. Which one were you most pissed to see go?

Oh, man. It's a toss-up between *Reaper* and *Invasion* for me. I always wanted to be in a show like *Invasion*—I love that kind of TV. The character had that conspiracy-theorist edge that was really fun. It was funny and dramatic. It was an actor's wet dream. So that, for me, was kind of like, "Shit. What now? If that show didn't work in that time slot with that crew and director and those writers ..." And, for the record, it was for almost strictly political reasons that that show got taken off the air. I've actually had a couple of people admit that it was a big mistake to cancel it. But that doesn't make the show come back to life. It's just like, "Well, fuck. Thank you, I guess. That's nice to know."

It was getting nine million viewers, and then you look at a show like *Mad Men*, which barely gets two million and is treated like the second coming.

I know. Cable networks put the bar so low, and it's all about critical acclaim. But *Reaper* and *Invasion* both had critical acclaim, and really good ratings for the respective networks they were on. With *Reaper*, I'm not pointing a finger at [former CW president] Dawn Ostroff, but I'm pointing a finger at Dawn Ostroff—she never liked the show. She was

never behind it. She canned it, and that was that. I thought it was a really good, clever, funny show.

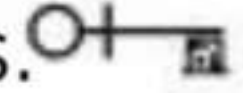
Are you sticking with movies now?

I really love doing films, but the actual gig of doing TV is more comforting. It's safer. It feels more like a job—you get a paycheck, you know you're working for this many months. Who knows, one of these days, I might get a show that goes more than a year! I would love to keep doing both for as long as I possibly can, but I think ultimately I would rather start doing more films. I don't know what it is with us actors—we can't be content with just being on a TV show.

Any other movies coming up?

I finished this movie in Minneapolis with Justin Long called *Lumpy*—it's a supercool dark comedy, an indie film. And then I finished a little cameo in this movie called *Rapturepalooza* that just wrapped, with Craig Robinson and Anna Kendrick and John Francis Daley and Rob Huebel and Rob Corddry and Thomas Lennon and all these comedians. I play a pothead demon who guards Satan's palace. It's pretty funny.

Speaking of pothead demons, you seem to wind up in a lot of sci-fi and paranormal roles. Is that what you like doing best, or do those roles choose you?

The funny thing is, I don't think it's that I deliberately seek out sci-fi material. I just think that, a lot of times, the most creative and intriguing characters you find are usually in something that lives outside this world a little bit. They always seem to attract me a little more because they're just ultimately a little more interesting. But I never really linked together that it was because it was a sci-fi show. So yeah, maybe somewhere deep inside I'm a closet fanboy. I'm going to Comic-Con and I just realized, *Oh, yeah, man, there are going to be a lot of Reaper fans and a lot of Invasion fans and a lot of Dead Last fans*. It's crazy; I have a whole string of weird sci-fi shows. I guess it's a little bit of both—I chose it, it chose me, and maybe we didn't realize it, but we were star-crossed lovers. 



[pet of the month]





la vie en rose

Jenna Rose knew just what she was doing when she became an adult entertainer. "I wanted to be able to experience many different things," she tells us. "When I get older, I want to be able to say, 'I've been there and done that.'"

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

LUCKY PET HORSESHOE NECKLACE BY PENTHOUSE JEWELRY, AVAILABLE AT PENTHOUSESTORE.COM.

“Before I was in the adult industry, I worked at a fast-food restaurant. I got so tired of spending all my days at that! It was time to do something new and exciting with my life.”





"I usually let a guy know
what I want sexually
by being the one to start
things in the first place.
If he can't get the picture,
then we have a problem."







“I’ve made love in many exciting places: under a railroad track, on Interstate 40, in the Colorado River, on a dirt bike, and even on the hood of my car.”




♀ JENNA ROSE
OCTOBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP







A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, smiling and looking back over her shoulder. She is nude, sitting in shallow ocean water with waves crashing around her. The background shows a rocky coastline under a bright sky.

“I have sex with
strangers almost
every time I work.
Beforehand, I don’t
know a majority
of the people I’m
doing scenes with,
but I can tell you
this: I’ve made
some pretty good
friends.”

🔑 JENNA ROSE
OCTOBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:

34-24-35; 5'3"

20 years old

Hometown:

The Victor Valley area of California's High Desert.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

I love the winters. The gloomy sky and the smell of the desert rain are the best!

What's your dream vacation spot?

Rome. It has so much history, and looks like it would be very romantic.

Favorite food:

Mexican, Chinese, sushi. Actually, I just love food.

Favorite sport:

Growing up, I was fascinated with soccer, but I wasn't allowed to play. In high school, my mother let me play softball. I didn't even know how to, but I enjoy trying new things and seeing if I'm capable of making it.

Favorite workout:

Being on top during sex. I like being in control, and I get to work my abs at the same time.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:

Help my family. Then I'd go out and buy the 2011 Challenger SRT8 I've been dreaming about.

Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?

I sing in my car, dance in front of my mirror, and act when I'm on-set.

Would you rather lose the ability to have orgasms or your right arm?

My right arm, definitely. I'm a lefty!

SEE MORE OF JENNA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

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CONTRACT PLAYER

When she's not traveling the world to promote the Penthouse brand, dance at clubs, and meet her fans, **Pet of the Year Nikki Benz** is on-set, shooting scenes exclusively for Penthouse Studios.

Our recent Penthouse DVDs starring contract girl and Pet of the Year Nikki Benz have proved definitively that everybody loves the buxom blonde—none of them more so than the aptly titled *Everybody Loves Nikki Benz*. Since the release of the eponymous porn hit, Nikki has shot several additional scenes, including a starring role in the Penthouse feature *10 Things I Hate About Love*. “I play a girl who absolutely hates anything to do with love but who, ironically, owns a flower shop,” Nikki tells us. “The busiest time of year for her is Valentine’s Day, which is rough for someone who’s so anti-love and anti-relationship. Then she finally meets the right guy and falls in love. It’s very romantic!”

“The character’s totally the opposite of me,” Nikki adds. “But that’s why I love roleplaying in

these films. I’ve been a doctor, a policewoman, a nurse, even a nun. It’s like dressing up for Halloween every time I go to work!”

But Nikki’s not always playing a character. While she admits that the directors usually have a clear vision of how her character should act and speak during plot-driven scenes, they don’t have the same requirements for sex scenes. “That’s when I come out to play,” Nikki says. “During the sex you see Nikki Benz, not just the character I’m playing in the movie.” And while she loves everything about being in front of the camera, Nikki has plans to move behind the scenes. “I’m working on writing a script right now, so we’ll see how that goes,” she tells us. “If it’s good, I’d really like to codirect the movie. I want to get my hands in everything.”

SELF-PETTING

Penthouse Pets took Penthouse toys to Dr. Susan Block's sexy podcast one Saturday night to celebrate Masturbation Month.

A very special episode of *The Dr. Susan Block Show* about the art of self-loving and playing naughty and nice with others featured Penthouse Pets Ryan Keely (our 2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up and author of a sex and dating column in *Penthouse Forum*), Isis Taylor (September 2010), Mckenzee Miles (August 2010), and the famously flexible Phoenix Marie (November 2010). The show tapes in front of a live audience every Saturday night at the Speakeasy, a club in downtown Los Angeles, and the audience welcomed the girls warmly. That's no surprise, as the Pets came bearing Penthouse sex toys and were prepared to show the crowd how they are properly used, whether alone or with a partner or two. As always with the Pets, having an audience only made their demonstrations more thrilling and titillating, and they put on quite a lusty show.

Dr. Suzy praised the Pets, saying, "What a delightful, dynamic group of sexperts, fine ambassadors of sex education and stimulation. They have beauty, brains, and erotic contortion—what a combination! Our 'Penthouse Self-Petting' episode provided quite the 'happy ending' to Masturbation Month. The Pets demonstrated toys with such enthusiasm that they really inspired women to take our pleasure into our own hands, at least sometimes. Of course, they inspired men, too. And such oral acrobatics!" No doubt the good doctor was referring to Phoenix Marie's ability to shove her entire hand inside her mouth, Mckenzee taking in a 12-inch dildo, and Ryan balling up her own panties and sticking them in her mouth, then her vagina. Ryan later worked herself to a crazy-loud climax with the help of the Penthouse Mode Ultra Powerful Gyrating Massager.

Isis watched her Pet comrades-in-lust with amazement and gave a play-by-play account of the action on Twitter. She also revealed publicly for the first time that she's an anal virgin. "I had a great time on the show," she says. "It was so much fun, like a crazy sex party with everyone watching us."

Show producer Kelly Shibari was impressed by the ladies, and promised this wasn't the end of sexy antics by Penthouse Pets on the podcast. "They were true professionals and played hard with the Penthouse toys and each other. We can't wait to have more Pets at the Speakeasy soon. They will always be welcome here." 

Top, clockwise from left: Pets Phoenix Marie, Isis Taylor, Mckenzee Miles, and Ryan Keely joined Dr. Suzy to celebrate Masturbation Month. Middle: Phoenix and Ryan demonstrate how to play well with others. Bottom: Phoenix shows off her amazing flexibility.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF KIETH HUFNAGEL

THE POSTMORTAL

In this new novel, Americans take advantage of a cure for aging in the most American way possible.

Fiction by Drew Magary • Illustrations by Michael Park

What would you do if there was a cure for aging that was legal and relatively inexpensive to procure? Well, if you're like John Farrell, you buy yourself a mass-produced holy grail and head out to Vegas for a "cure party" featuring ageless strippers and the world's strangest puppet show. It's a celebration of immortality that ends with a very, very nasty hangover.

I Seek the Grail

I have a friend who's going to have a cure party next week in Las Vegas. He's really doing it up, too. He booked a suite at the Fountain of Youth, so our trip is guaranteed to be either cheesy in a fascinating, outstanding way, or cheesy in a horrible, soul-sucking way. There's no in-between when you go to Vegas, particularly if you're committed to staying at that monstrosity. Before the trip, my friend had a request.

"You've had the cure, right?" he asked me.

"Yep."

"Do you have a grail?"

"No. That's idiotic."

"You have to get one. We're all gonna buy grails and bring them. You have to do it. Prerequisite."

"Oh, come on. Really? I have to buy one of those stupid things?"

"We're staying at the Fountain of Youth. We have to go all the way with this. I'll even pay for yours. I can't have a half-assed cure party."

"Can't I buy it when we're out there?"

"No, because we're gonna drink out of them on the plane. Hell, I'm looking forward to the plane ride more than any other part of the trip."

So I had to get a grail. Derrick's Grail Shop is located on Christopher Street between a gay sex shop and a head shop. Derrick's is also a head shop, but it seems to do such good business selling grails right now that the bongs have been pushed to a small section on the side. I wondered when the head-shop owner next door would wise up to that fact.

I walked in and took a look. They had thousands of the things. I remember a scene in one of the Indiana Jones movies where Indy walks into the grail room and sees all these shiny, golden chalices. But the real Holy Grail was a crudely made cup sitting meekly on the lowest shelf. All the nice-looking grails in the movie killed you instantly. Well, Derrick's had no crude grails—no real grails. They were all like the fake the bad Nazi guy drank from, designed to tempt you and then suck all the life right out of you.

That said, they were all quite pretty. Some were knockoff versions of the kind you can get in the Diamond District, with the fake gold and the giant phony gemstones lining the rims. But there were some cool ones, too. I saw one made of stitched leather with fake gold inlay. OXO made a couple of stainless-steel ones with comfortable rubber grips—the practical grail, if you will. There were also Goth ones, including a grail that had a curled-up dragon for a stem. If I had a van, I would definitely paint that grail on the side of my van. They had grails made of elaborately carved oak, for the environmentally friendly postmortal. None of them looked all that Jesus-appropriate. But, hey, they were still nice grails.

I saw one in a Lucite box. It was made of crystal, with an engraved pattern of infinity symbols. I looked at the clerk behind the glass counter and pointed to the box.



“What’s that one?”

“That’s the DX3490,” he said. “Designed by the Swift himself. It’s the same one he drinks from on tour. You can even send away to have him sign it.” He pointed to a poster on the wall. Sure enough, there was the Swift, wearing a white suit and drinking purple drank out of the very same grail. Spiffy.

“Do you think I could pull off rocking the same grail as the Swift?”

“Truthfully? No.”

He also showed me a room in the back where you could design your own. They had thick stylebooks you could flip through, like choosing wedding invitations. You could pick the pattern, the font, everything. They even had suggested sayings you could have embossed on your grail. You could paint your own clay grail and then have them fire it in a kiln. I saw a couple up on the shelf waiting to be picked up. One said BETTY’S GRAIL. I have no clue why that made me laugh, but I nearly soiled myself when I saw it. They had matching grail-and-bong sets, which I found highly tempting, though God help you if you ever confuse the two at five in the morning.

In the end I chose a simple gold one. I wanted a grail that made me feel like a knight who had just finished a long day’s pillaging. The kind you hold in one hand while you eat a turkey drumstick with the other. The kind that makes you feel compelled to talk like a town crier while holding it. That’s the kind of grail I wanted, and that’s the kind I ended up getting. Twenty bucks. Not bad for the cup of Christ.

I brought it home, mixed a rum and Coke in it, and gave my usual cheers to Katy. I have to say, the Swift was onto something with this trend. Drinks taste way better when you’re drinking them out of a grail.

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🍷 Field Trip: The Fountain of Youth

I hadn’t flown to Las Vegas since they opened Fountain of Youth Resort and Casino last year. I already knew it was the biggest hotel on Earth, but I wasn’t prepared for the view from the airplane. There are familiar sights you see as you approach McCarran at night: the Luxor’s pyramid, New York–New York’s skyline, the Shanghai, etc. But the Fountain now dwarfs all of them. An old lady on the right side of the plane was the first to spot it. She screamed out in joy when she saw it edging into view through her little porthole.

Everyone spontaneously broke into applause and chugged the contents of their respective grails (three steakheads from Long Island had DX3490s; I’m relieved I didn’t spring for one). I swear the jet spray shooting up from the center of the oval fountain could have tickled our landing gear if we were flying directly above it. I read that the fountain continually pumps four million gallons of water a minute. Seeing it in person, that estimate now feels low. I assume when they first turned on the fountain, the guy throwing the switch thrust his hips for maximum effect.

After deplaning we circumvented the cabstand (the line stretched so far they had to move the security checkpoints for the entire airport) and took the shuttle bus down to the Strip. The last time I was in Vegas, the ride took 20 minutes. This time it took so much longer that I asked the driver if there were multiple conventions going on. There were not.

He dropped us off at the main entrance, and we walked into chaos. The hotel has over 12,000 rooms, and this evening it appeared all its occupants had decided to hang out in the lobby. We stood in the check-in line in shifts; half of us waited while the

I swear the spray from the fountain could have tickled our landing gear if we were flying directly above it.... I assume when they first turned it on, the guy throwing the switch thrust his hips for maximum effect.

other half went to get drinks, and then we switched. When it was my turn to help fetch alcohol, I walked out into the main atrium and stared at the fountain, a gigantic edifice of water that defies all reason. It’s as if the hotel is trying to put out a fire on the surface of the moon. Colored lights illuminate the mighty geyser in a painstakingly choreographed arrangement. Surrounding the base of the fountain are the cure stations: small platforms with a doctor and a single chair that each soon-to-be postmortal sits in to get their shots. Like in Dr. X’s apartment, each chair has straps and belts to hold you down while you are injected. Unlike in Dr. X’s apartment, each chair is a specially designed throne. You get to choose the theme for your chair. There’s your basic emperor’s chair (made of gold; it matched my grail!). There’s also the Poseidon: Lord of the Sea chair, which is actually a large, chair-shaped fish tank, with miniature sharks and all kinds of other imported marine life swimming under your backside. There’s a Space chair, which is shaped like a giant egg and has two hot girls with big fake tits dressed as green aliens on either side of it. And there’s a Viking chair, which features a giant serpent erupting out from between your legs when you sit in it. Those are the four I remember off the top of my head. There were hundreds of the things, no two alike.

I was in awe. I turned to my friend Scott.

“I almost want to get my shots again.”

“You can do that here,” he said. “They’ll throw you a cure party even if you’ve had it done already. They just shoot you up with something besides the vector.”

“What do they shoot you up with?”

“I don’t know. Gin?”

They’ve perfected the process at the Fountain. You get your blood drawn when you check in (separate, even longer line for that), and they have the vector ready for you three days later. In between, you presumably lose all your money, and then spend the next thousand years trying to make it back. It’s incredible. After getting their shots, all new postmortals jump from the platform into the pool at the base of the fountain. Fully clothed, of course. I looked out at the pool and saw a horde of people frolicking in the water, all in soaking-wet dresses, suits, and tuxedos, all drunk beyond comprehension. Baptized into the sweet life.

On the way back to the check-in line, I noticed a small exhibit called Ponce de León and the Fountain of Youth. It looked like a pointless waste of time, which intrigued me.

“Hey, let’s go in that.”

Scott wasn’t as enthused. “That? That’s for kiddies.”

“We go in there, we finish our drinks, we get another round, and then we head back to the line without anyone noticing. That line isn’t moving at all.”

“Oh, all right.”

So we went into the exhibit, which was sparsely crowded due to the late hour and the fact that it was stupid. We walked through a dark corridor for about 20 yards, then found ourselves in front of an enormous scrolling diorama. A life-size puppet of Ponce de León was sitting in an exact replica of King Ferdinand

of Spain's royal court. A voice-over narrated as we watched the puppet hop onto a ship and sail across a miniaturized version of the Atlantic Ocean (with real wind and water!): *In the year 1513, King Ferdinand of Spain commissioned explorer Juan Ponce de León to sail across the seas and find the fabled Fountain of Youth. It was a dangerous journey, as Ponce de León and his men battled scurvy, hurricanes, and pirates!*

At this point, three pirate puppets popped up from the water and duelled with the Ponce de León puppet, who then cut off their heads. I drank to his victory. The Ponce de León puppet made landfall as we kept walking.

Arriving in an exotic new land, which we now call Florida, Ponce de León rewarded his men with newfound riches of gold, sugarcane, delicious citrus fruits, and beautiful Native American women!

One of Ponce de León's puppet crew then started making out with a buxom female Indian puppet. I should have been offended, but I was too busy being turned on. The Ponce de León puppet soon came upon a giant fountain, which disappeared down into the ground.

Ponce de León's quest for the elusive mythical fountain proved fruitless, and the legendary explorer died while trying to find it.

The Ponce de León puppet then shouted out, "Nooooo!" and keeled over.

But now Ponce de León's dream has finally been realized!

The Ponce de León puppet's corpse was airlifted by his strings across a fake U.S. landscape, to a miniature model of the hotel we were standing in.

Here, at Daniel Benjamin's Fountain of Youth Resort and Casino! Do all the things Ponce de León always dreamed of doing! Dine alfresco at Fukuku Oh! See Cirque du Soleil in our exclusive new show, Eternia! Or try your hand at Texas hold 'em! It's all here, along with more than 500 board-certified geneticists ready to give you the cure for death! Only at Daniel Benjamin's Fountain of Youth Resort and Casino! Eternal life has never been so luxurious! Right, Ponce?

The Ponce de León puppet then sat up, looked at us, and said, "Sí." We walked out.

"I don't think that was historically accurate," Scott said.

"Well, sometimes you have to take dramatic license."

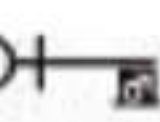
The rest of the weekend was spent in a drunken fog, each hour as pointlessly hazy as the last. For his cure ceremony, our friend chose the Velvet Dream chair, a throne nine feet high and made

of a purple fabric that purported to be velvet but was almost certainly some kind of space-age, sweat-wicking microfiber polymer. It was a practical choice. If you're going to be stabbed by three giant fire pokers, you're gonna want to feel as relaxed as humanly possible. Afterward, we visited the Spearmint Rhino IV club. Every girl inside had a long, lucrative career in front of her. I'm not terribly comfortable in these places, which I find reassuring in a way.

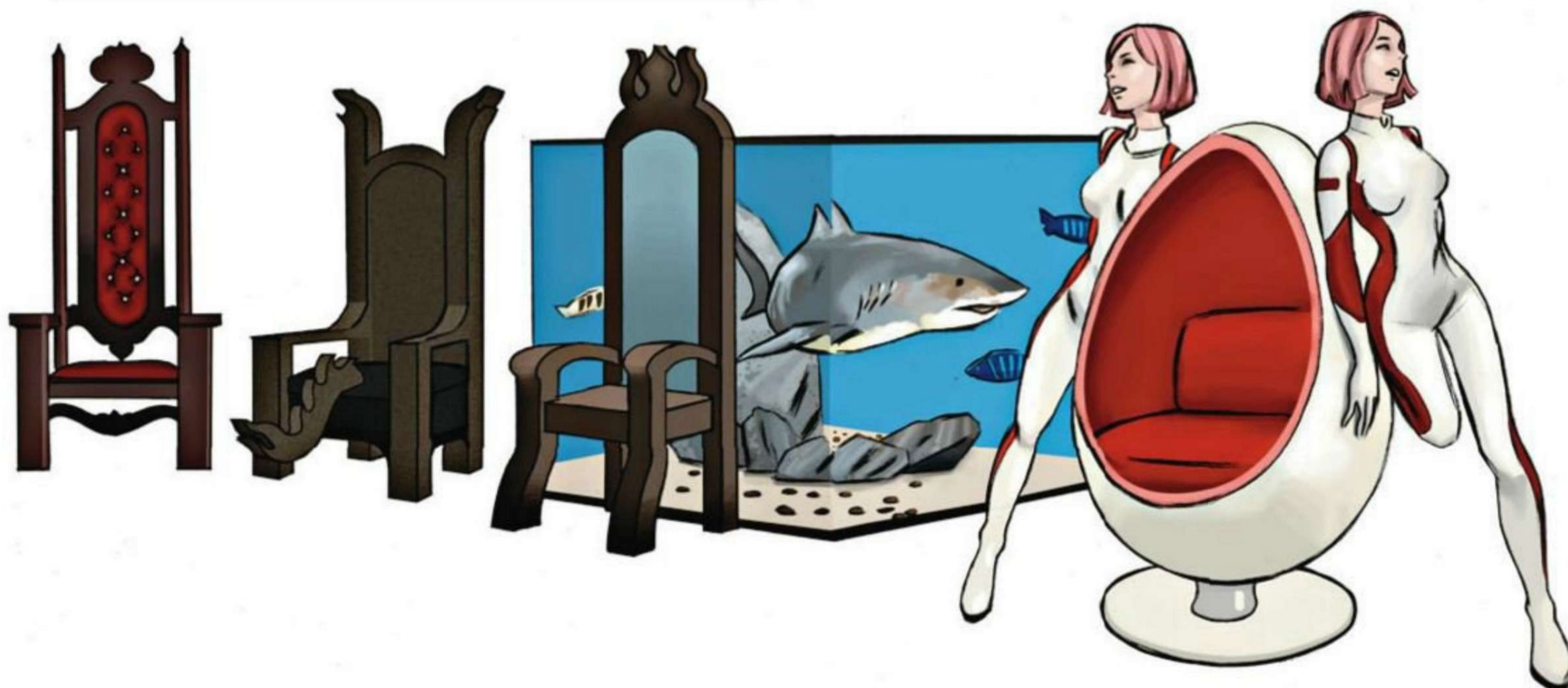
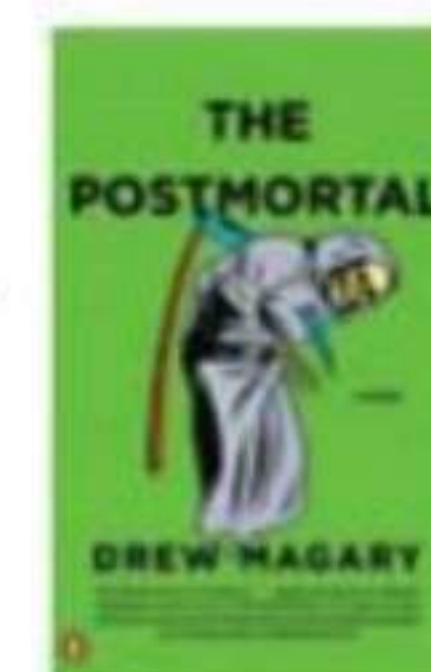
Next to the casino floor at the Fountain of Youth is a stadium-size mall that houses nothing but shops selling cure-related merchandise. You can get your pick of commemorative T-shirts (I'M HOT ... AND I'M STAYING THAT WAY is a popular choice), steel cookware with a lifetime warranty, go-tox clinics for older postmortals, safes, laser vision correction, and 30-year tattoos. There are no wedding parlors, and I didn't see a single bachelor party the entire weekend. Just one cure party after another.

On our last day, there was a bomb threat in our section of the hotel. They evacuated our rooms and made us wait outside, on the Strip. It was the only time during our trip that I was reminded of 7/3/19, and it unnerved me. The manager assured us that they deal with these threats all the time, which only served to worry me more. As we waited on the Strip, I saw a group of men pass by on the opposite side of the street. They stopped, looked at the hotel, whispered some things to one another, and then kept walking. As they did, I saw one of them wave to the building, as if to say good-bye. I ran to alert a nearby officer, who seemed unconcerned. The men turned the corner. One of them saw me talking to the cop and smirked. He held up his hands and gave me the death symbol: a cupped left hand pressed against his straight right hand, forming a crude D.

After that, I didn't relax until we were on the plane heading back to LaGuardia. The flight was delayed for three hours due to traffic on the runway.

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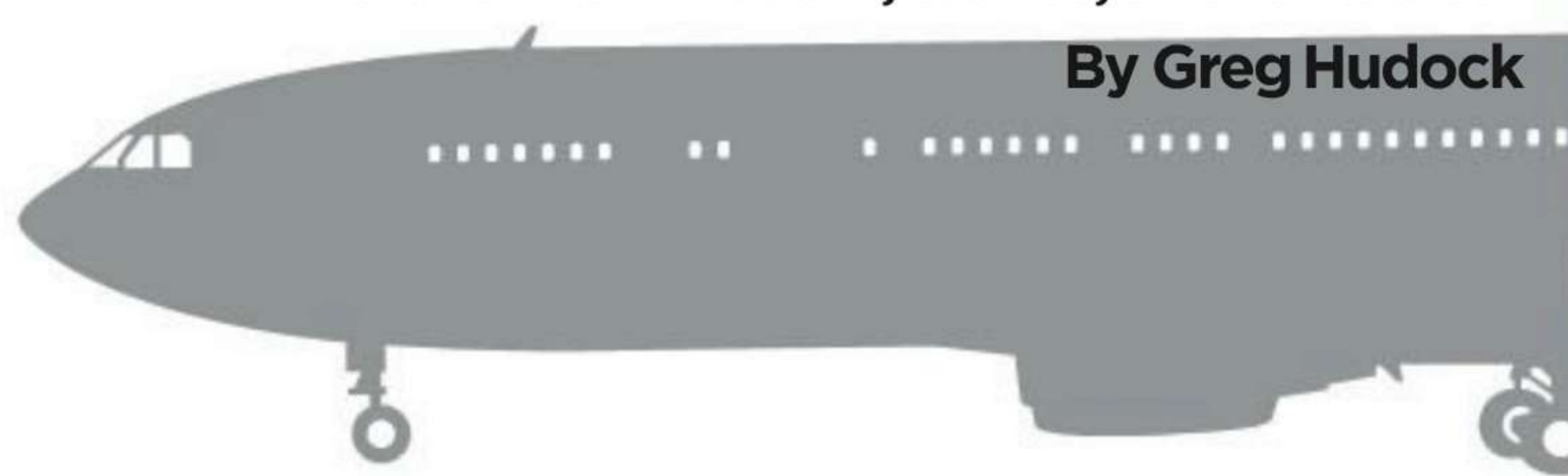
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The Mile-High Club

Joining the Mile-High Club is a common fantasy for porn stars and *Penthouse* models, and one that many of them have lived out. Who better to share their wisdom, stories, and fantasies?

By Greg Hudock



I joined the Mile-High Club on a flight to Italy in first class. Everyone else was sleeping.”—August 2008 Pet of the Month Jessica Jaymes

FLY AT NIGHT

The sexual vibe is definitely higher on a red-eye flight, and the other passengers are likely to sleep, meaning they won't ruin your fun. Plus, the flight attendants make fewer trips down the aisle to check on passengers when most of them are sleeping. But the real reason why nighttime is the right time is that outside air temperatures are cooler than during the day, which means less turbulence. Less turbulence makes for better sex, especially if you're crammed into a tiny airplane lavatory.

DRESS FOR SUCCESS

If you're hoping to join the Mile-High Club, wear clothes that allow for easy access. You don't want to call attention to yourself in the heat of the moment by struggling with your belt or trying to free your dick. Wear loose-fitting pants, jeans, or sweats so you don't have to pull them down much if you go for it in your seat—or even decent-looking, plain-colored pajama-style pants. Women should wear a dress or skirt, either without panties or with a thong or G-string that can be pulled aside easily.

PACE YOURSELF

Getting wasted is a prerequisite to flying for many people, but limit yourself to two drinks if you're hoping for some in-flight action. Since this is a

time for fast and furious fucking, you don't want alcohol to affect your ability to perform. If you're concerned that you'll be too nervous to get it up, pop a Viagra or Cialis beforehand.

WARM UP

The level of foreplay you need depends on what you're hoping to get away with, and what kind of mood your girl is in. If you plan on a handjob or blowjob in your seat, you won't need to rev her engine beforehand, but she's got to be feeling pretty bold. Even if she's into the idea before you get on the plane, she might get nervous once you're in the air, which means you'll have to get her excited—or get her off first. Drape a blanket over your laps and let your hands wander until she's ready to take you to

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ABOVE) PATRIK GIARDINO/CORBIS, PLANE ILLUSTRATION BY ISTOCKPHOTOS/SORBETTO/ACE CREATE

Been There, Done That

BRITTANY ANDREWS, porn star

“Early in my career, I was traveling 60 to 80 percent of the time. When you're traveling as much as I was and as horny as I am, you don't just *want* to get laid in a plane—you expect to. I'd wear a T-shirt that said MILE-HIGH CLUB VIP MEMBER and some Hello Kitty sweatpants when I flew. My hair was dyed hot pink, so I was hard to miss. My most memorable experience was with a guy who came up to me and said, 'I know you!' Now, when you're a porn star, a lot of people say they know you, but we really had met before. We had drinks at the

bar and hit it off, so we decided to change our seats at the gate so we could sit together.

“The flight we were on was a red-eye from L.A. to New York, which is a great flight for joining the Mile-High Club, by the way, because people on those flights are the hip and cool types. The guy told me about his fear of flying, and said that in order to get through a flight, he has to masturbate. But he didn't get to, because I gave him a blowjob right in our seats. And this wasn't in the back of the plane, either. This was at the front of the plane with lights shining on us. When we got up from our seats, one of the stewardesses knew what we were up to. She gave us a look like, go for it! And we didn't just have sex in the bathroom. We ended up having sex in the back of

Brittany Andrews



Heather
Carolyn

Flight-Time Fantasies

MERCEDES ASHLEY, porn star

"I've always wanted to loosen up the uptight staff on the plane. I dream of screwing the pilot and the copilot in a three-way. I'd trick one of the stewardesses into speaking to me privately, push her into the lavatory, tie her up—since I'm as aggressive as I am—steal her uniform, and lock her in. I'd pour a couple of cups of coffee, then knock on the cockpit door. As I slide in, of course, I'm in a short uniform dress with no panties. I wrap my legs around the pilot and straddle him and rub my wet pussy along his cock, grinding in slow motion until his cock is at a full stance that's to my liking.

"Once he's enjoying the pleasure of my pussy sliding along the shaft of his cock, I get out of the chair and bend over so he can screw me doggie-style. I'm facing the copilot, and I unzip his pants and give him a supreme blowjob. The pilot will screw me from behind until he explodes in my pussy, while I swallow the copilot's cock and give him the most raging, sloppy blowjob until he explodes in my mouth. When it's all said and done, I head back to the lavatory, untie the stewardess, and lick her pussy as a peace offering, then get her dressed and back to work as I return to my seat. That's the Mercedes Ashley Mile-High Way."

HEATHER CAROLIN, nude model

"I always find myself in the middle of the same scenario when I think about joining the Mile-High Club. It's a red-eye flight that's fairly empty. I'm traveling with a guy and we're sharing a blanket. I feel his hand on my thigh and I look around. There are only a few people onboard, and they're all asleep. He slides his hand into my pants and begins to rub my pussy. I get wet as he puts pressure on my clit. He rubs harder, and I find it impossible to contain my moans, so I bury my face in his shoulder. He rubs my pussy harder and harder, until I have my hands clenched around his arm, as if holding on tighter would help hold in my escalating orgasm. I come hard and drench his fingers."

heaven. If you're planning to apply for membership in the restroom, get the temperature as high as possible while you're in your seats, so you're ready to hit that when you hit the head.

MAKE THE MOVE

You're in-flight and primed and ready. Decide which bathroom you'll use and go there one at a time, with a few minutes' gap in between. Passengers won't notice you both going into the same lavatory behind all the seats, but these are the ones in view of the flight attendants, who sit back there when things are quiet. Go while they're busy passing out snacks and drinks.

ASSUME THE POSITION

You planned it out, built the mood, and timed it right. Now it's time to

enjoy it. There are three basic sex positions that work well in an airplane bathroom: standing doggie-style, with her leaning over the toilet; face-to-face, with her sitting on the sink and you standing; and cowgirl, with you on the john and her straddling you. One size does not fit all, though. What works best depends on how big, tall, and flexible the two of you are. Have fun figuring out which is the best fit for you.

COME BACK TO EARTH

After you come, wrap the condom in a paper towel and throw it in the trash; don't flush it. Again, head back to your seats one at a time, with a small gap in between. Act normal—and just wink at the flight attendant if she looks at you suspiciously.

the car that picked me up from the airport, and then at my hotel. We were going for the gold."

MICHELLE MCLAREN, porn star

"I noticed a guy at the airport in Atlanta and was like, *Wow!* Next thing I know, I'm sitting next to him on the flight to Miami. After our neighbor nodded off, the fun began. First a handjob, then a blowjob. I really wanted to get into the bathroom and have a go, and we almost did—until he said that if we did the cops would be waiting for us upon landing. I didn't want that! So I gave him the best blowjob and hand service, which is only found on Mile-High excursions. I sucked up his come while trying not to get busted by flight attendants."



Sex Sells, Even in the Air

With airline security making it tough to do pretty much anything exciting while traveling, you might think that achieving entry into the Mile-High Club is nearly impossible. You'd be very wrong. By Nick Redfern

Recognizing that sex sells, even at 5,280 feet—the official level at which the aerial action has to occur to qualify for entry into the Mile-High Club—far more than a few aviation companies have elected to take matters into their own hands, so to speak. What was once chiefly the domain of the rich and famous may very soon be coming to an airport near you.

For \$999.99 per hour, the Chicago Mile-High Club, operating out of Illinois' Hinckley Airfield, offers those wishing to get it on in the skies access to a 20-passenger airliner that boasts a converted cabin and spacious bed. They even throw in a chilled bottle of champagne, and cheese and crackers.

Then there's the Georgia-based Mile-High Atlanta, the brainchild of one Bob Smith. For less than \$400 per couple, Smith—a corporate pilot—will take you up in his Piper Cherokee Six and fly you around the West Georgia countryside for 60 minutes of sex. The company supplies the obligatory alcohol to loosen things up, and lets you keep the bed sheets as a memento.

On the other side of the pond, England's Mile-High Flights is positively thriving. And, just in case you have friends who will doubt your story of getting it on amid the clouds, the Brits will proudly provide you with a Certificate of Initiation into the club.

But if you're one of those souls who's terrified of flying, you can simply pay a visit to MileHighClub.com, where you can purchase Mile-High Club key rings, T-shirts, lapel pins, and car stickers that will make you the talk of all your buddies.

Why, exactly, is business booming in the world of sky-high sex? Smith believes that much of it comes down to the sheer thrill of couples wanting to do something a little bit different, make their fantasies come true, and keep their sex lives exciting. "It's a fun way to spice things up and get sex away from the bedroom," he says. "Everyone who has done it has had a great time."





The Guccione Years: January 1995



GINA LAMARCA'S PEARLS OF WISDOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

I can't say enough about how happy I am to be Pet of the Year," Gina LaMarca exclaimed when she was chosen to be our 1995 Queen. The then 25-year-old beauty first appeared in these pages as our May 1993 Pet of the Month, and the 36-23-35 dancer/choreographer also starred in *Penthouse* videos and a virtual photo shoot. "I even went to Hong Kong with *Penthouse*," she told us. "And I'm really looking forward to representing the magazine all over the world for the next year."





The Guccione Years: January 1995



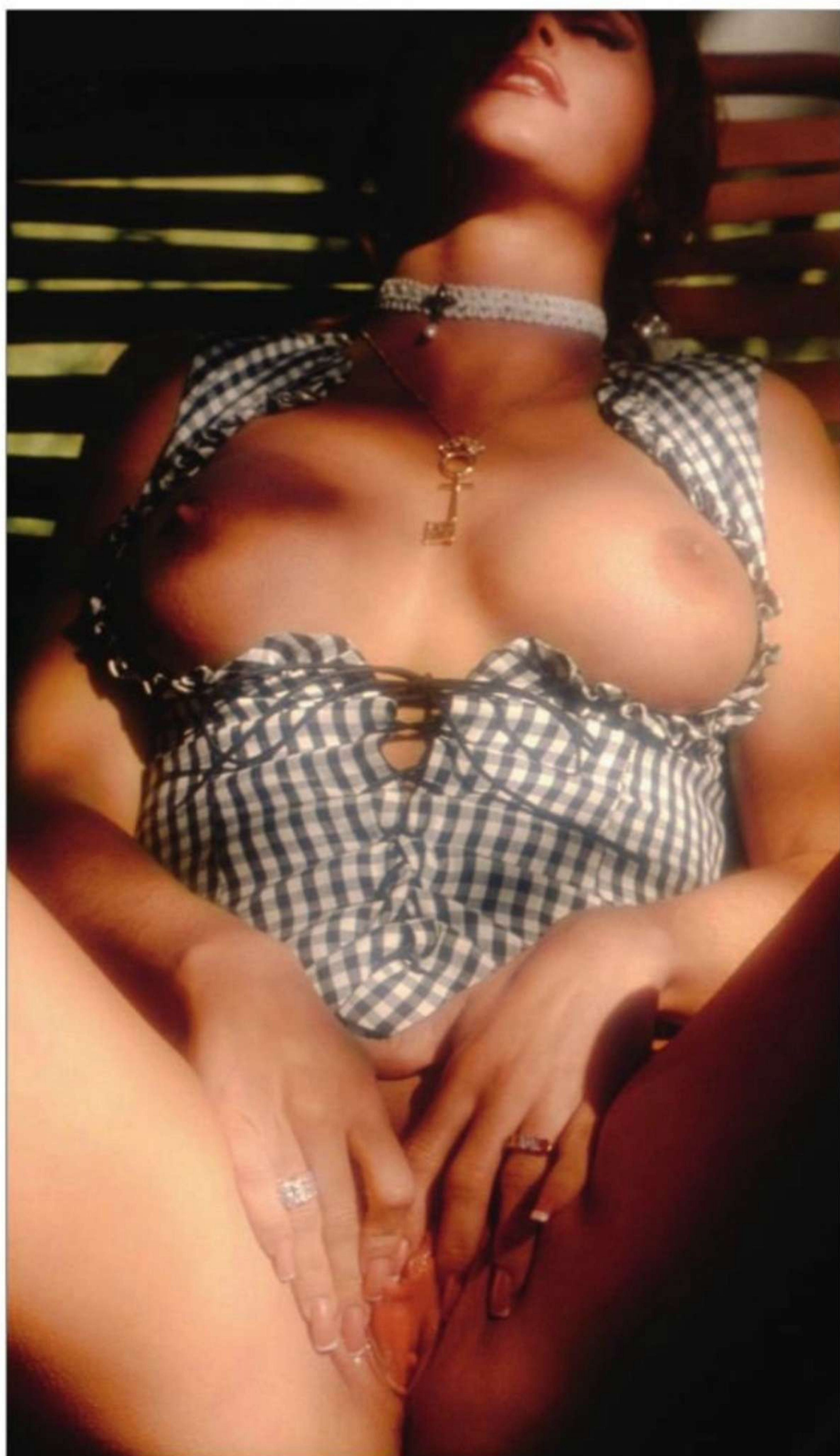
While being Pet of the Year was the “icing on the cake,” Gina told us that she was thinking of making a career move after her year’s reign was over. “I’d like to offer some ‘pearls of wisdom’ from my experience to girls who want to break into the business. I’d be a *great* agent.”





The Guccione Years: January 1995





"I hope all the readers who voted for me like this layout," she told us. "I'm known for my ability to shock people, and these photos should definitely get people's attention. I had a wonderful time with Bob Guccione on this photo shoot. He's the easiest person to work with. We worked on a lot of the poses and concepts together, and he let me express myself the way I wanted."



The Guccione Years: January 1995



"I can be controlling," Gina confided, "so I need a man who's strong enough to stand up to that. Of course, these days you need to get to know your lovers, so I *never* have sex on a first date. If I'm excited at the end of a date, I go home and masturbate. That's the safest sex of all!"







Clowning Around

As a clown for children's parties, I had an amazing introduction to an underground subculture of sex and lustfulness.

By Kyle Dowling • Photographs by Joshua Rubin

It's a hard thing in this economy to face reality. Times are tough, and work for fresh-out-of-college writers is hard to find. So when a job opportunity presented itself, I jumped ... with an extreme lack of enthusiasm. I am a professional clown.

It all began a couple of years ago when my father and my future boss were introduced. After a conversation in which

I was obviously the subject at one point or another, a card was slipped to my dad with the comment, "If your son ever needs some extra cash ...". Those eight words led to my part-time career—and opened up a vast menu of sexual opportunities.

After a simple interview with the head clown, known to children all across the tri-state area, I had a very hapless, dignity-crushing uniform fitting. Then I had one week's training. I think my boss was amazed by how quickly I took to the magic sector of clowning. The balloon animals ...

not so much. My rabbits looked like nothing, and my giraffes resembled an erection with four testicles and an incredibly large head. But alas, I was assigned to a party for a seven-year-old.

Said seven-year-old was a piece of shit. There were taunts, spitting, a food fight.... The only positive thing about my cherry-popping clown experience was the birthday boy's mother, who was extremely attractive. Even better, she had a certain sexual inclination toward clowns. Who was I to deny her the pleasure of a young and moody clown?

We met toward the end of my abbreviated show, just after I had slipped on a half-eaten piece of cake on the floor. As it turns out, my multi-colored curls made her incredibly lustful. She even insisted on wearing the wig herself at one point.

While the little imps were off in the distance wreaking more havoc, Ms. Birthday Party Mom made me aware of her proclivity. "I can't explain it," she said, as if an explanation were needed. We moved into her bedroom—a nice one—and she pushed me forcefully onto the bed. As I landed, the rubber chicken inside my suit went off, adding a touch of comedy, which is always nice. Her hand made its way down to my cock, and she wasted no time going to work on me.



Despite the mysterious disappearance of my spongy red nose, the experience was outstanding. Staring down and seeing nothing but a sizable, multicolored wig as I thrust in and out of her mouth was incredible. Her lips were ravishing, her eyes unbelievable, the fellatio—words cannot describe how good it was.

Being a gentleman, I returned the oral favor, partly because I was curious about where that damn nose went. After ripping off her clothes, she informed me it's the whole clown thing that does it for her. She had me remain clothed, complete with shoes, the entire time. The only part of my skin showing was at the hole near my crotch that she had bit into the suit in a fit of sexual inebriation. (Try explaining that to your boss.)

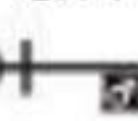
The pleasurable encounter with the ever-so-kind Ms. Birthday Party Mom repeated itself a few times with a number of different mothers over the course of a year (thank you all, ladies). One was the older, experienced type, well into her fifties, though she looked more like she was 35. (Side note: If any young guys out there dream of fornicating with an older woman, become a clown.) My cougar's position of choice was reverse-cowgirl while leaning forward at approxi-

Staring down and seeing a sizable, multicolored wig as I thrust in and out of her mouth was incredible.

mately a 45-degree angle—a fantastic choice for me, as I am an ass man.

Another mother was the “scary screamer” type. The first time she screamed, I jumped so far that I slipped from her hole on the outward thrust and hit the mattress—hard—on the inward thrust. This led to my own shriek, and I found out that nothing turned her on more than having a man who resembled the Joker screaming on top of her.

Then there was the little-person mom, whose five-year-old twins were normal size. She approached me while I was packing up my clown car. It was an evening party, and the car seemed like our best option. I folded down the backseats and climbed into the trunk, staying fully clothed from the waist up. I was in the dark nearly the entire time the tiny woman bounced up and down on my erection, so I saw very little, but I can easily imagine what it looked like from the outside. She was in control at all times, and after all was said, done, and squirted, she up and left before I was able to climb out of the trunk.

Truthfully, the day my father gave me that damned business card was one of the worst days of my life, but clowning does have its perks. Sadly, the terror of entertaining the little bastards remains. But now my jokes are better, my balloon animals are a bit more true to form, and my magic tricks are pristine. I serve the children cheap shtick, and their mothers the opportunity to indulge in a crazy and enthralling fantasy. I am a clown. 



BIDDING Adieu

Taylor Morgan cashed in on her heartbreak by unloading her ex-boyfriend's stuff on eBay, using steamy photos of herself to attract some heavy-breathing bidders. Here's how she got revenge—and made a few thousand bucks.

By Kara Wahlgren

Throughout most of her five-year relationship, 27-year-old “Taylor Morgan” (no, that’s not her real name) willingly played sugar mama to her habitually underemployed boyfriend. “He was kind of entrepreneurial, which can be another word for ‘unemployed,’” Taylor says. “But he was good to me in a lot of other ways, so I tried to look past that. And he was very creative, so I just kept believing in him, thinking one day he was going to turn it around.”

Then, just before Christmas last year, Taylor was out of town on a business trip. While she was gone, a friend called to say she’d seen Taylor’s boyfriend dancing with another girl at a club. Taylor gave him the benefit of the doubt—until a neighbor called to say she’d seen a woman leaving the house the following morning.

“That was the icing on the cake, the nail in the coffin,” Taylor says. She kicked him out and told him to take his things—but, she says, he only wanted his laptop. Taylor was left with a closet full of his clothes, plus the digital camera and iPad she’d already bought him for Christmas. (Let this be a

lesson to the cheaters: Keep it in your pants until *after* you unwrap your holiday loot!)

At that point, revenge wasn’t the first thing on her mind. “I was heartbroken, let’s be real here,” she says. “It was five years that I’d emotionally invested into the relationship. And I loved him.” But just before Valentine’s Day, Taylor was sharing a bottle of wine with a friend who asked what she planned to do with her ex’s stuff. When Taylor said she was just going to dump it or donate it, her friend suggested posting everything on eBay. She set up an account for Taylor that night using the name “myexboyfriendscloset.”

Luckily for the hordes of horny men trolling eBay, the girls came up with a way to make Taylor’s auctions stand out—by posing provocatively with the unwanted clothes. In one photo, Taylor is wearing her ex’s Kenneth Cole hoodie and nothing else; in another, a New Balance sneaker is strategically covering her bare breasts. Not only did the sexy pics draw attention to the auctions, but they pissed off her ex, who liked her to dress conservatively. “That was an extra fire in the belly,” Taylor says. “Like, ‘Here’s what you’re missing. And, you know, eff you.’”

Word got back to him pretty quickly—because





used mall-store threads that would typically sell for a few bucks each. She donated about 20 percent of her sales to tsunami relief in Japan, and plans to spend the rest on a wardrobe upgrade. "I might buy some sexy clothes—have fun with some of that gravy," she says. And with loads of inventory still left in her closet (seriously, how many Hollister shirts does one man need?), Taylor isn't worried about the well drying up anytime soon. For now, her only worry is keeping the poses fresh—like incorporating yoga stretches to spice things up, or signing "Taylor Morgan sat here" on the necklines of white T-shirts.

While the venture hasn't exactly taken Taylor's mind off her breakup—being a scorned woman is basically her side job now—it's helped her move on. "It's kind of like therapy for the twenty-first century," she says. "I went from being upset and heartbroken to angry, and then it turned into having fun." And it's helped her morph from a buttoned-up, tied-down businesswoman into a single-and-avenging-it sex symbol. "I never in my wildest dreams thought about doing anything quite like this before," she says. Maybe not—but on behalf of eBay members everywhere, we hope she keeps her stripped-down enterprise going.



the auctions went viral. A cheesy XXL button-down from Hollister sold for more than \$200. The aforementioned hoodie went for \$122. A pair of gym shorts raked in more than \$300 after Taylor posed in them while doing a split. And along with the bids, Taylor received an outpouring of support—and indecent proposals—from bidders and lurkers alike. Some offered to fly her to Europe, while others just wanted to knock her ex's taste in clothing. When Taylor posted an Ed Hardy shirt, a few online supporters commented, "Wow, he *definitely* was a douche bag if that's his shirt!"

But Taylor says her ex has actually been "kind of cool" about the whole thing. While she suspects that he's flagged a few auctions for indecent content, he hasn't asked about getting his goods back. ("Isn't possession nine-tenths of the law?" Taylor rationalizes.) And he's been enough of a gentleman to keep her true identity a secret: The ex and Taylor's friend with the camera are the only ones who know she's the girl behind the racy listings. She carefully hides her face in every photo, although she swears, "I'm very cute! It's a good package all around."

So far, her sexy photos have helped her net more than \$5,000 from her auctions—not a bad take for

VAP 'EM IF YOU'VE GOT 'EM



Electronic cigarettes have been gaining attention over the past few years, so we had one reporter/smoker take them for a test-drive.

By Alexander Colby

A typical scene in the average New York City restaurant: waiters taking orders, servers scurrying about with customers' dishes, laughter and clinking glasses punctuating the steady drone of the evening crowd. Then a plume of smoke ascends from one of the tables, undulating silently, yet commanding the attention of the nearby diners. They wonder if someone has really had the audacity to light up a cigarette inside a venue where such activity is clearly verboten (there hasn't been a legal smoking section in a New York City restaurant or bar since 2003). Another plume wafts gently above the culprit's table, yet no waiter or manager seems to

be concerned that a customer has broken the law. Indeed, no one has. The glowing blue LED at the end of the man's cigarette proves he's not smoking, but vaporizing, and his activity is perfectly legal—for now.

Electronic cigarettes, or e-cigs, have been slowly gaining the attention of the public since their introduction to the global marketplace in 2003, when an enterprising team of Chinese developers first patented their model for a battery-driven liquid-nicotine cigarette. As with many such novel ideas, imitators and innovators quickly seized upon the concept and developed their own models, leading to an ever-increasing array of styles and designs. The end result of all of them is the same: a cigarette smoking-like experience without the smoke.

Whereas a regular tobacco cigarette uses flame to ignite and burn

dried plant matter (and whatever additional chemicals the leaves are impregnated with, such as ammonia), the e-cig operates via an electric charge that heats up a small steel wick, which in turn vaporizes a solution that is generally referred to as e-fluid. This e-fluid usually (but not necessarily) contains nicotine, a flavoring of some sort, and *nothing else*. That, along with the freedom to "smoke" anywhere, is why e-cig use is rising dramatically with smokers.

Cigarette smokers have long been aware that there are more than 4,000 chemicals generally found in tobacco smoke, and more than 50 of them are known to cause cancer or be otherwise toxic for human consumption. Such undesirable ingredients include ammonia, arsenic, benzene, butane, carbon monoxide, DDT, lead, formaldehyde, and naphthalene. Of course, most of the chemicals inhaled in cigarette smoke stay in the lungs; the more you inhale, the more satisfying it seems, but the greater the damage to your body.

Then there's the tar that collects in your lungs.

With the e-cig, there is no tar to gum up one's lungs and restrict breathing, and the nicotine contained within each draw is absorbed into the body within seconds, so there is no need to hold a hit. Nicotine itself, while poisonous and even lethal in high enough concentrations, is *not* a carcinogen, and the e-cig user can determine exactly how strong he wishes his fluid to be, either by purchasing pre-mixed fluids or making his own mixes at home.

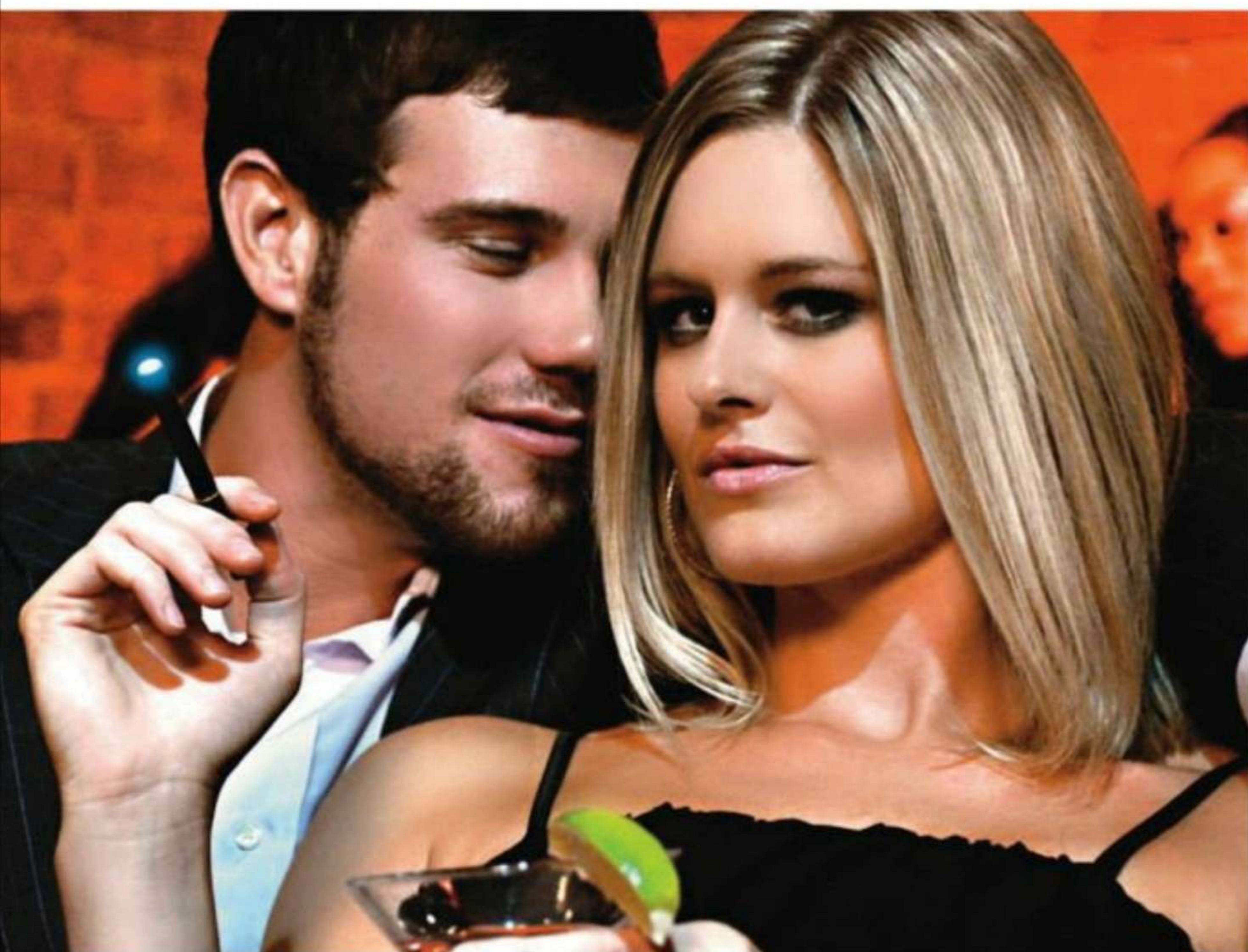
The essentials of the various e-cigs on the market are fairly identical and involve three components:

Battery, usually rechargeable via a wall socket, USB connection, or a portable charging device.

Atomizer, which is triggered manually via an external button, or automatically when the user takes a drag.

Cartridge/mouthpiece containing the e-liquid. These are either disposable or refillable. Sometimes the atomizer and cartridge are combined into one unit, generally referred to as a "cartomizer."

Each of these components has a life span, and must eventually be replaced. Cartridges tend to be good



for around six to ten refills before they get clogged and the vapor pulled from them becomes increasingly reduced; atomizers will last a good deal longer with proper care and cleaning; and the battery lives are dependent upon the model. Some batteries need recharging after about two hours' use, some go for around six hours, and some last upward of 12 hours; generally, the larger the battery, the more times it can be recharged.

The e-fluid itself is usually a substance called propylene glycol (PG), an organic compound that is both colorless and odorless, though often it has a slight sweetness when vaporized. It has been rated as GRAS (generally recognized as safe) by the FDA for use in food, cosmetics, and medicines. It is absorbed and metabolized by your body, so it does not stick to your lungs like tar. However, PG is not without its own controversy; it has not been approved for prolonged and regular internal use. While PG is used in smoke machines for dance clubs and theatrical productions, it is also used in such things as antifreeze and engine coolant. For that reason, many e-cig users have switched to e-fluid that uses a vegetable-based glycerin (VG) as the base solution, as it is viewed as a safer substance.

Start-up costs of e-smoking—"vaping," as enthusiasts call it—vary from brand to brand. Depending on

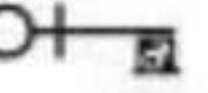
the peripherals and accessories that are chosen, the price to switch ranges from \$60 to \$120 and up. Sounds high, we know, but compared to the cost of cigarettes—which of course vary widely depending on locale—a smoker can save money over the long run. In New York City, for example, the average price of a pack of cigarettes is \$11, so a pack-a-day smoker will be spending less after just two weeks.

Even better than that, since there's nothing combusting or burning, pesky smoking restrictions don't apply. However, there are motions in various states' legislatures that, if passed into law, will affect the public use of e-cigs or even whether or not it's legal to buy, sell, or distribute electronic cigarettes; concern over e-cigs has reached the federal government. The FDA has now officially identified e-cigarettes as a tobacco product. What happens next is dependent upon how the stuff is marketed. As the FDA disclosed in April 2011, "E-cigarettes and other products are not drugs/devices unless they are marketed for therapeutic purposes [i.e., smoking cessation]," but products "made or derived from tobacco" can be regulated as "tobacco products."

This scrutiny by the FDA is both a blessing and a curse for

e-cig enthusiasts. The upside is that the products are going to be regulated, which means that if materials made overseas fail to pass explicit standards, they will not be allowed to enter the country for sale or distribution. Similarly, such products made within this country must adhere to strict regulations, so they'll be free of contaminants and measure up in terms of acceptable levels of ingredients. American electronic-cigarette manufacturers also may now legally export their wares overseas. The downside is that electronic cigarettes may fall victim to the same sin taxes imposed on snuff, cigarettes, cigars, and chewing tobacco, despite the fact that e-cigs pose less risk to one's health.

Nevertheless, the e-cig is clearly a way by which many smokers are breaking their addiction to tobacco, and I know this because I was one of them. I began using the e-cig after 25 years of cigarette smoking. Making the transition was nearly seamless; I simply ran out of cigarettes one night just before going to sleep, and in the morning, I began using my new e-cigs. Within a week, my smoker's hack, an otherwise near-constant companion, disappeared entirely. My senses of smell and taste skyrocketed; my energy was at a level I haven't known in years; and I slept better and fell asleep more quickly than I had in at least as long. Because I mixed my own e-fluid from pure vegetable-glycol diluent with a specific concentration of nicotine suspended in propylene glycol, I knew with some certainty how much nicotine I received in every lungful. I began at 11 milligrams—about the strength of a Marlboro cigarette—but soon was down to three to five milligrams, and shortly after I went completely nicotine-free. I don't think there are any cigarettes that are that light—or, for that matter, taste of butterscotch, cola, or toffee, as mine did.

It is worth noting, however, that individual mileage with this method may vary wildly: I was cigarette-free for approximately five months, a dedicated nonsmoker saving around \$300 per month, and healthier than I'd been in years. Then, after a personal tragedy, I sabotaged my efforts and began smoking again, and it was like falling back into the familiar arms of a toxic lover. Now my e-cig materials gather dust on a shelf, ready when I am to tackle my nicotine addiction. 

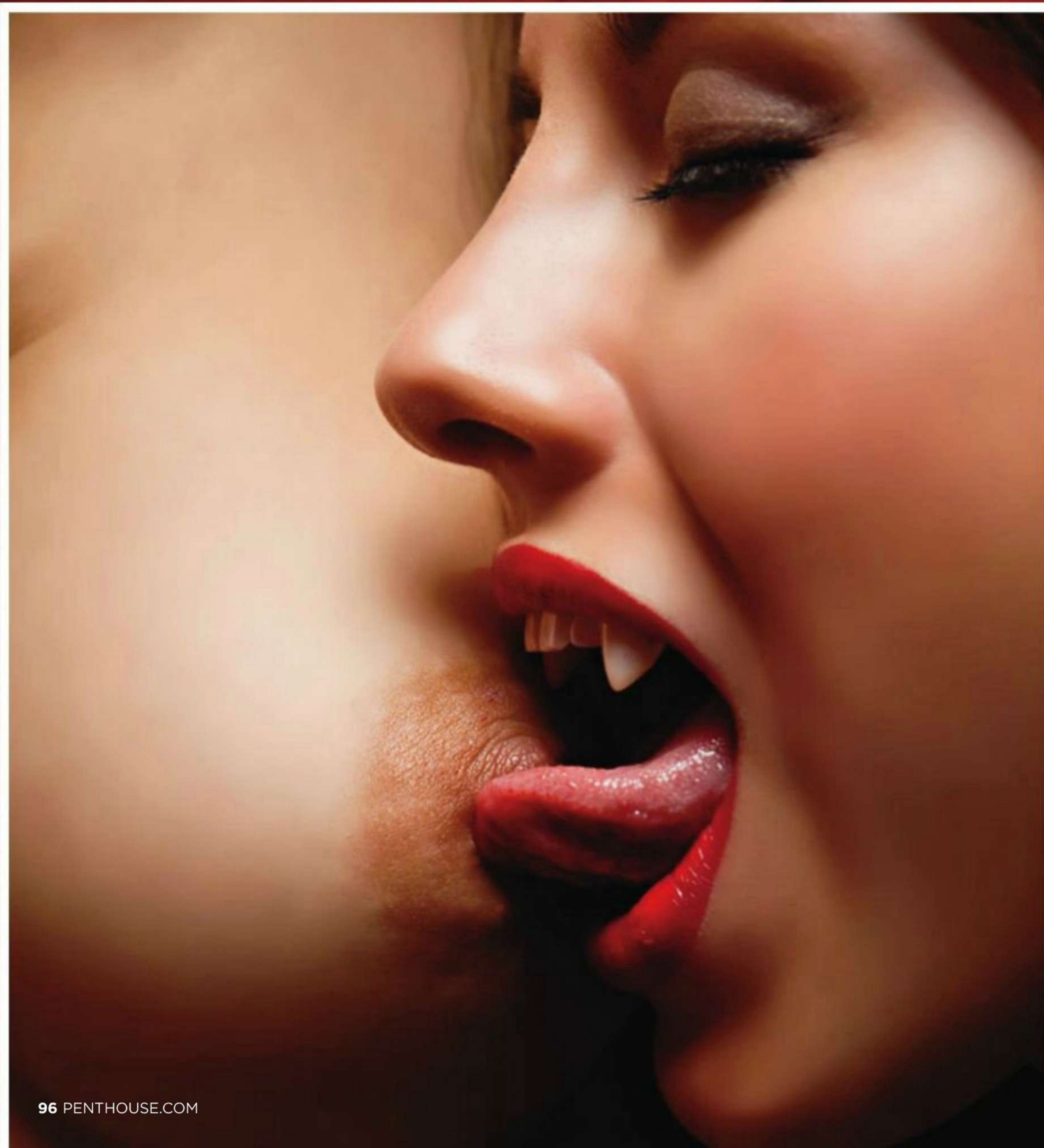


love at first bite

Jana Jordan and Shyla Jennings are opting for a minimalist approach to Halloween costumes this year, but “less is more” will never apply to thrusting tongues, probing fingers, or sexual climaxes. They have every intention of satisfying each other’s deepest, darkest desires, again and again.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



















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What Happens in RENO

RENO TENDS TO GET OVERSHADOWED BY A CERTAIN OTHER HARD-PARTYING NEVADA CITY, BUT THE NEWEST PENTHOUSE CLUB IS PUTTING **"THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD"** FRONT AND CENTER.

THE PENTHOUSE CLUB
RENO is located a few miles east of the bustling casinos and hotels on the main drag of Virginia Street, but it's practically a small city in its own right: At

10,000 square feet, it's the largest gentlemen's club in the Reno-Tahoe area. And when you see the top-notch talent, five-star service, and luxurious amenities, you might find it hard to believe you're in low-key Reno.

At the club's two-day grand-opening event in April, four gorgeous and very special guests helped to

make the festivities unforgettable: 2011 Pet of the Year Nikki Benz, 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree, and February 2010 Pet of the Month Heidi Baron. In the days leading up to the club's launch, the ladies made the rounds of local radio stations to spread the word. Then, when the doors opened, the Pets were on hand for the VIP party on Friday and the public kickoff on Saturday, which included a meet-and-greet session where they posed for photos with lucky patrons. The ladies also took the opportunity to enjoy everything the club had to offer—



Top left, from left: 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, February 2010 Pet of the Month Heidi Baron, December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree, and 2011 Pet of the Year Nikki Benz were on hand to celebrate the club's grand opening. Top right: Heidi Baron assumes the position over the Three Key logo in the lobby.

especially the sexy Key Girls. "The girls were hot!" Nikki raves. "I couldn't decide which one was my favorite—they were all my favorite. I was tipping the dancers like I was a customer!"

The Key Girls can be found on the club's three stages, although the main stage is also used for burlesque performances and bachelor shows. When you're in the mood for a more private party, the club features Key Suites, Key Rooms, and a Key Lounge. And if you want to party like a high roller—or just need a decadent way to spend your winnings from Reno's roulette tables—take the elevator to the Penthouse Suite and enjoy its

VIP bar, glass stage, and skyboxes overlooking the main room. Nikki has danced in clubs across the country, so she knows how you can make the most out of your visit to the Penthouse Club. Her recommendation? "You have to get a bottle of champagne and get a girl to dance for you. Get your own private booth, have fun, and let your hair down. I mean, Goddamn, I wish I was a guy!"

If you manage to tear your eyes away from the frisky females, you'll find a tech geek's paradise: The skyboxes feature interactive videogames, so you can put the smackdown on the bachelor party in

the next box. Or enjoy your favorite sports on a 15-foot screen or 85-inch plasma, enhanced by the state-of-the-art sound system. No need to leave for lunch or dinner, either, since the club offers five-star entrees, tasty tapas, an impressive wine list, and even a selection of cigars. "Everyone should check out the Penthouse Club Reno, if not for the girls, then for the food," Nikki says. "Seriously, the girls are beautiful, the club is amazing, the food is great, and the staff is friendly. That's what I'm looking for in a club."

In other words, watch your back, Vegas—there's another party paradise in the Silver State. 



Silver Screen

It's a grubby little backstreet cinema, and it smells grubby, too. My nose wrinkles at the pungent aroma, an unsavory potpourri that I don't really want to analyze.

"Sit in the third row, on the right, in the middle of the row," he said, giving precise instructions, as always. I peer into the flickering chiaroscuro gloom, my belly fluttering with nerves as I search for a vacant seat. God, I hope there aren't *too* many perverts in the specified area! A few, I can handle. Too many and the peril outweighs the fun.

My Harry can be a bit much sometimes. His games are wild and his orders even wilder. But I can no sooner disobey him than stop breathing.

Trying not to draw too much attention to myself, I creep down the central aisle. My heart thunders. It's a grimy, horrible place, but still it excites me with its miasma of sexy sleaze. I imag-

By Portia Da Costa
Illustrations by Charlene Chua

ine unspeakable things going on down every row. There is an usher on duty who's probably far more entertained by the show in the auditorium than the one on the screen.

The shadows seem to heave with activity: Fumbling. Fingering. Fucking. All the things, or at least some of them, for which Harry has commanded me to come here.

Shifty movements circle my peripheral vision, and I thank God that the light from the screen is dim and defective so I don't have to look at anything too closely. In the muggy, flickering murk I can imagine my own world, my own cheap and nasty scenario in this cheap and nasty place.

The gasps and groans on the stuttering soundtrack don't muffle the gasps and groans from the theater itself, and its scattered clusters of desperate patrons. Clandestine ecstasy is like a gathering vapor in the air, as strong and affecting as all the other, less salubrious odors.

I feel a clench, deep down low, at the thought of unknown bodies rocking together. It's a frisson that's both sick and irresistible.

Above me, the film plays on. A couple bumps and grinds, bucks and moans. They're infinitely more athletic and somewhat more stylish than the patrons slumped and jerking in the scummy, never-cleaned seats, but I doubt that they're enjoying themselves a fraction as much as my viewing companions are. But then again, who knows?

Part of me wants to look away from the screen, but that kind of sex is like a car crash. You just have to look. And when I do pay more attention to it, I almost laugh. The guy who's putting it noisily to his pneumatic brunette companion looks vaguely familiar. He reminds me of Steve, a buddy of Harry's. My demonic boyfriend constantly teases me about liking his friend, and has been badgering me for ages to admit that I fancy fucking him.

And now, when I've finally admitted it, *this* is what he does. He sends me to a porno movie where the lead actor looks just like Steve. Well, not exactly like him, but near enough to create a luscious empathy.

And the way Fake Steve is gripping his partner's hips even reminds me of Harry's own favorite sex style.

He likes to grab me and really shove into me in a rough, relentless doggie-fashion. And I like to be grabbed and shoved into, I must admit. Especially when he's growling a long, low rap of outrageous filth into my ear and plotting one of his mad, outrageous schemes.

Like this one.

Reaching the third row, I slip in on the right side. Oh, yuck, my shoe instantly squelches in some unidentified substance. I've a shrewd idea what it is, and judging by the gasps from across the aisle, quite a bit more of it is about to be deposited any moment now.

The place is so utterly filthy and sleazy, yet it makes my pussy flicker with a perverse, delicious longing—for Harry and his dangerous touch.

Where are you, you unmitigated fuck?

He has to be around here somewhere. He hasn't phoned me to cancel, so the game is still on. I feel light-headed, high on a cocktail of danger and a melting wash of yearning.

Curious eyes turn my way as I slip into the prescribed seat. My heart pumps, my hormones surge, pure lust wells up. My clit throbs like a heart,





too, calling to Harry, as my panties flood with juice.

I want to rubberneck around to look for him, but now that I'm in my seat, that's forbidden. I have to keep my eyes completely focused on the screen, watching the action scrupulously as I pretend to allow a "stranger" to feel me up. Watching every bump and grind of the performers as I perform, too, for this "stranger."

Harry loves for me to be slutty, and this is the ultimate in sluttiness: playing around and making free with myself in this dark yet public place.

I sense a presence moving toward me. Someone slides in at the end of my row. It's not busy in this section, and soon he's worked his way along the seats and is sitting right next to me. I hear the faint creak of a leather jacket, and I'm glad he's here at last. It's taken him long enough. I was starting to feel vulnerable, and not in a good way.

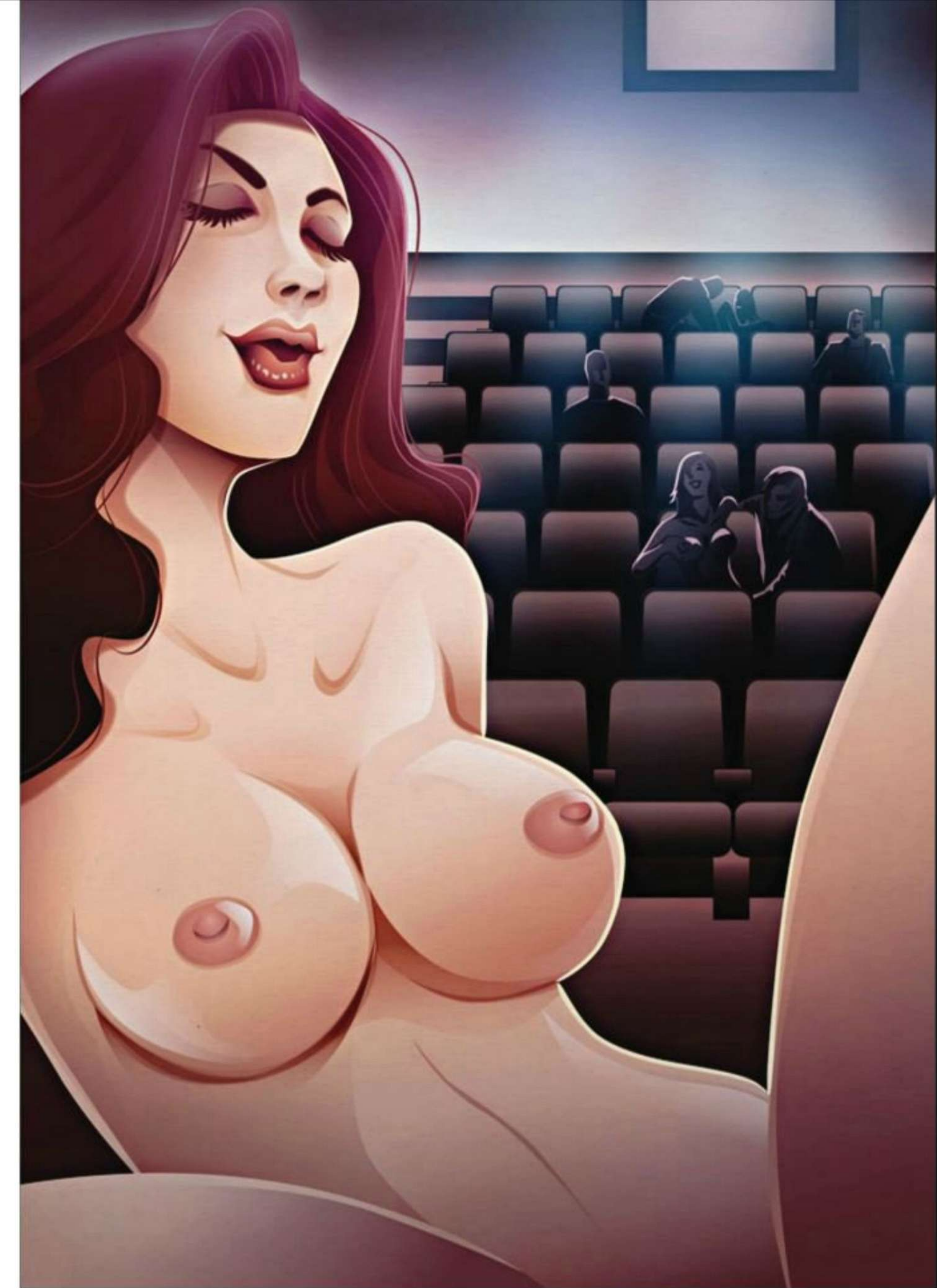
But now it's game on. I smell a sexy male cologne, something strong and woodsy that punches its way through the fetid smells around me and makes my head feel light. It's not Harry's usual brand, but then, I wouldn't expect it to be. That would be a dead giveaway. It's yummy though, and its narcotic odor seems to send all the blood in my body rushing straight to my genitals. My breasts feel heavy, the nipples hard and crinkled inside my bra, almost painful. My pussy feels slippery and bloated and the temptation to slide about in my seat and stimulate myself that way is unbearable. I try a little wriggle, attempting to knock my clit against the gusset of my knickers, but it seems to make things worse, not better.

Beside me, however, my stranger emits what just might be a sigh of appreciation. Wiggling and wagging around in a dirty cinema seat isn't doing a whole lot for me yet, but it's certainly hitting the spot for him all right.

Up on the screen, the ersatz lovers have changed position. Fake Steve has pulled out, and his lady friend has turned over. She's rubbing herself enthusiastically, squirming about on the satin sheet, her thighs flung wide while he looks on, handling his more than ample cock.

Is Real Steve that big?

I wish for a moment that I was on a bed such as that one, a vast arena with acres of room to maneuver. While both my stranger and Real Steve looked on, I'd lie back, lift my knees, and hold myself open, bla-



tantly displaying my sticky pussy to them in glorious Technicolor and aching detail. I imagine dazzling film lights shining down on it, warming it from without as lust warms it from within, revealing every last crinkle and crevice of my sex lips in merciless high-definition. As Harry ... sorry, the stranger ... edges closer across the imaginary playing field of the black silk sheets, I insert a finger inside myself and Real Steve slides close on the other side, groaning in appreciation.

There's a groan from my right now, and God, I want to look around. Has the stranger got his cock out? Has he preempted me? Hell, I'm slacking. I haven't really done a thing yet, apart from wriggle around in the darkness.

Desperately aroused and almost hyperventilating with fearful excite-

ment, I ease open my jacket, then stealthily unbutton my blouse. There's a rustle from beside me, as if my companion is having trouble with his equipment and has been forced to adjust his position again to give himself some ease.

So ... maybe he hasn't got his cock out after all?

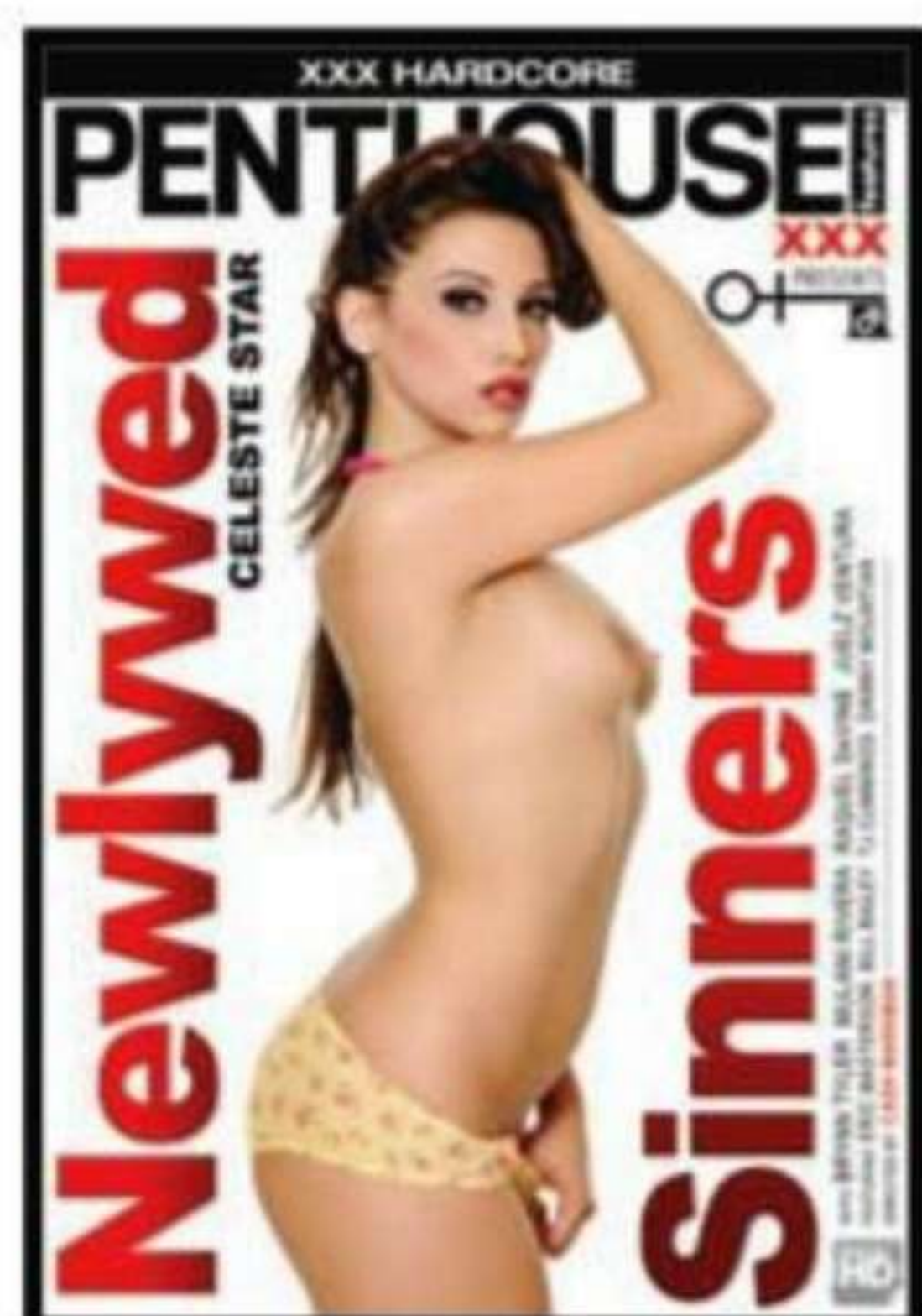
Having dressed carefully for this jaunt, I easily flip open the front fastening of my bra, nudge aside the cups, and let my boobs swing free.

Oh shit, I've done it now. I've shown myself. This is the public risk that Harry dared me to court. Because I can't look around to check, I can't be sure who's watching. There could be dozens of punters ogling my pale breasts gleaming in the light from the screen, a whole cadre of men who're scrutinizing my exposed nipples, edging forward in their seats in the hopes of seeing either me or the stranger beside me start to fondle and play with them.

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In for a penny, in for a pound, I think, as I oblige, having to bite my lips at the silvery jolt of sensation that speeds instantly from my nipple to my clit.

I'm a powder keg of lust, ready to go off at any moment. My eyes almost cross, but with my few remaining fibers of self-control I focus on the screen.

Fake Steve is holding himself in his hand and rubbing up and down the inside of the brunette's long, shapely thighs. His buttocks flex as he moves back and forth, back and forth. The dark girl swirls her hips as she plays with herself, moving in a surprisingly graceful, syncopated rhythm.

I go on pinching my nipple hard, emulating the rough but thrilling way Harry likes to handle me. Even though I can't look to the side, I can close my eyes and imagine Harry plaguing my breasts, pinching and twisting, while Real Steve reaches between my legs, combing through my pubes until he finds my clit and pinches that, too.

Tears of frustration squeeze from between my tightly closed lids, and I bear down, grinding my aching pussy against the less-than-immaculate seat cover. It's no good, I'm going to have to touch myself down there and

squashes down hard on my clit, and then with a rhythmic pincer movement he works me roughly, without mercy.

I bite my hand. My heels scrape the filthy floor. The muscles of my thighs and buttocks tense to the point of pain. I bear down on the ruthless grip that beleaguers my entire sex.

It takes just moments for me to climax like a freight train. I gasp for breath as I come down. And just as I'm about to shatter the game and give Harry a sloppy kiss for his kinky efforts, his hand, still scented from me, presses firmly against my cheek, forcing me to remain focused on the screen and the rise and plunge of Fake Steve's hips as he vigorously fucks his fake lady love.

So, the game has to be played to the end. It's time for quid pro quo.

I hear the sound of a sliding zipper, and then a big warm hand takes mine and conducts it to a big warm cock. Dear God, does he want me to kneel down amongst the condom wrappers and the months' and years' worth of dried semen on the carpet and suck him? Even while I cringe, my pussy flutters again at the thought of it.

But no, he just folds my fingers more closely around his penis and

The trip back to Harry's flat is a compete blur. I'm assuming he wants me to go there and meet him afterward. We haven't spoken since he laid out his wicked plan two days ago. When I finally reach my destination, I let myself in, looking forward to a large glass of wine while I wait for him to get back, too.

But something's wrong. There's a presence in the flat. Wine forgotten, I fly through to the bedroom and find Harry there, bundled beneath the covers in his huge wide bed, with books and tissues all around him, and glasses and cups and an open box of cold-remedy sachets on the bedside cabinet.

My face must be a picture. He laughs and wheezes. "Sorry, babe, couldn't make it. I've got a cold." The way he's smirking though, despite his red nose and watery eyes, tells me that he knows that I still went, all the same.

You bastard, you could have phoned! "But ... but ..." I quiver with a combination of horror and renewed arousal. What have I done? It's willfully dangerous, letting myself get masturbated in a public place by a real stranger. Yet I'd do it again if I got the chance; I just couldn't help myself.

Still pulling at my tit, I shift my thighs, opening them wide. A thumb squashes down on my clit, and then he works me roughly, without mercy.

come, or I'm going to have some kind of seizure, that's for sure.

I'm just about to pluck at my loose skirt when a hand from the right beats me to it. I almost wet myself I'm so shocked, so thrilled. Still pulling at my tit, I shift my thighs, opening them wide as the hem eases the fabric up and up, and pretty soon my pussy is exposed. A waft of pungent woman-smell drifts up, almost drowning out both my stranger's delicious cologne and the scents of the cinema itself. I lift my bottom, helping him to ease my skirt from beneath me, and the sleazy degradation of sitting bare-assed on the filthy seat almost makes me come.

For a moment his hand covers mine, squeezing my breast, then it dives down again, slipping into my pussy, just as Fake Steve's plunges into his babe's pussy, up on the screen. He starts to pump her with two stiff fingers, just as two stiff fingers jab into me. I whimper softly, then stifle the sound with my free hand. A thumb

begins to use them as a glove, working up and down, up and down, sliding easily and slickly on his pre-come.

It seems to take ages, and my arm starts to ache. But all the while my pussy's aching, too. Rubbing him makes my excitement surge again.

He sighs now and again, but still he doesn't say anything. Those are the rules, even for him. Even when he comes, saturating my fingers with what seems like an ocean of semen, he barely gasps and then recovers in seconds, zipping up and rising abruptly to move away along the line of seats.

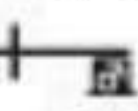
Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am.

I sit motionless for a moment; then, in an embarrassed, sweaty flurry, I bring myself off again. I have to.

Afterward, still shaking, I straighten my clothes, almost leap to my feet, and stumble from the cinema in a daze.

"Don't worry, love, it wasn't some tramp or free-range pervert or other deadbeat who brought you off, you know." He plays his fingers languidly over his mobile phone that's resting on the counterpane amongst the sick-bed detritus.

But just when I think he's going to call someone, there's the sound of the flat door opening and closing, and then a firm tread approaches the bedroom. When it arrives at the bedroom door, and even before I turn around, I get a whiff of a luscious and now familiar male cologne.

There's the soft creak of a leather jacket, and as I slowly face its owner, my heart and my pussy flutter, newly hungry ... at the sight of *Real Steve*, handsome and smiling, and ready to go again. 

"Silver Screen," by Portia Da Costa, from *Sweet Confessions*, edited by Violet Blue. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.

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on the prowl

**"The craziest thing I've ever done is to become a porn star,"
19-year-old Tiffany Thompson tells us, but she never really thought it was
all that crazy. "I like to take risks. They always pay off for me."**

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



"I love fucking non-porn guys the most, because everything is real. And a lot of regular guys are really amazing! My mama always said to be a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom. One out of three ain't bad!"



"I'm really good at masturbating. I mean, I don't know anyone who isn't, but I've been told I'm exceptional, which is pretty cool. I think that's actually my greatest talent."








“Before I got into the industry, I never really watched porn. Seeing all those hot, naked women made me jealous. But now, I go to bed and the next thing I know, it’s 2 A.M. and I’m looking at porn on my phone.”









“I love sex, and I’ll do it in almost any position. My favorite is doggie-style, but I’ll try anything once, twice if I like it, and three times so I can make up my mind if I’m not sure.”

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By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

■ GENTLEMAN'S TIME

I know most guys masturbate, but should a guy do it even when his girlfriend is in the house? I feel kind of left out when he spends 30 minutes locked in the bathroom "showering." It's not that we don't have great sex, but if I'm here, ready and willing, why would he feel the need to jerk off?

He's just taking care of business. For a lot of guys, masturbation is part of their daily self-care routine: shit, shower, shave, brush, floss, and wank.

Try not to think of masturbation as a substitute for sex. Sometimes we just want to get ourselves off quickly and efficiently, without having to ask anything of our partner.

Perhaps part of the reason why you have great sex together is that he jacks off whenever he feels like it. If he went to you every time he got randy, you'd probably start to feel like a sexual Stop-N-Go. Masturbating at will removes the urgency of satisfying a need, and allows him to better enjoy the mutual experience of sex with you, and to focus more on your pleasure.

■ NITRO BOOST

There's supposed to be a new "Viagra condom" being developed in Europe that might be available by the end of the year. What's it about, and will it be sold over the counter?

It wasn't long ago that a guy looking for something more in a condom could buy ribbed, flavored, or—if you were really adventurous—glow-in-the-dark. But now that shaving razors are designed by aerospace engineers, and toothbrush components are the focus of advanced-materials science, it makes sense that condom technology should catch up.

The condom you've heard about is called the CSD500. There's no Viagra in it, but it does contain a drug that's supposed to give the wearer a harder, fatter, longer-lasting erection. The drug is nitroglycerin, commonly used to treat chest pain caused by reduced blood flow to the heart. Nitroglycerin is a vasodilator, meaning that it widens blood vessels.

The CSD500 condom contains a dose of nitroglycerin gel in the tip. According to the U.K.-based developer, Futura Medical, nitroglycerin delivered via the condom "has been clinically proven to increase local blood flow within the penis, which in turn leads to increased firmness, increased penile size, and longer duration of an erection."

And who wouldn't want that?

While it's a reasonable assumption that plenty of guys would try it just for fun, the CSD500 is aimed at those who eschew condoms because they have trouble staying hard when suited up.

As for availability, it's expected to be approved soon for sale in Europe, and it's to be sold over the counter as a Durex-brand condom. It will probably also get a catchier name than CSD500. I bet they'll name it something "-max." My prediction: Nitromax.



■ MOONLIGHTING

Every so often I'll pay to watch girls do live webcam sex shows. Do these camgirls make good money? Would it be possible to make a few extra bucks as a camboy? Does it really pay, and how do you get started?

Yes, it can pay, but I wouldn't call it easy money. First, you need to be young, attractive, and well-endowed. Second, you have to put in the hours. Webcam models get paid for their time only when a viewer is paying for a show. Normally the host network pays models a flat rate for every minute they spend with a viewer in paid chat, or a percentage of the per-minute rate that the model chooses to set. Either way, an average model typically gets about 70 to 80 cents a minute. Top models on some cam networks can make up to \$2 a minute. After registering with a cam network, you would connect via your own computer and webcam from wherever you happen to be, whenever you wanted to go live.

But before your eyes flash dollar signs, remember that unless you're a hot ticket, you might spend a lot of time off the meter between paid shows. During that time, you would still be working—looking sexy, chatting up visitors to entice them to go private with you, and fending off creeps. On a slow day—or night, as the case may be—you might be making money only for a few minutes out of every hour.

When you're just starting out, a few extra bucks may be all you'd get for the trouble. After a while, though, you might develop a following, with fans coming back for private shows whenever you're online. Cam networks also have various features and incentives that could boost your earnings, like the option for members to tip models, or "agent" commissions for referring new models. Successful cam models can make thousands of dollars a week, but to get to that level takes time and effort, and some talent, too.

Basically, it's a job. If you're looking for a get-rich-quick scheme, check out one of those day-trading seminars at the airport Radisson instead. But if your income requirements are modest, I suppose it could be a viable second job. If I had to choose, I'd rather jack off at my computer all night than stock shelves or mop floors.





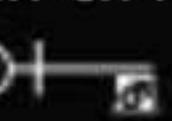
It's not a bad idea for the bride to have some nice lingerie to slip into. Not only will the groom get a visual treat, but she'll have a memento to keep, and wear again on special occasions.

■ YOU MAY SCREW THE BRIDE

As someone who is getting married soon, I was wondering what the best approach to the wedding night is. Meaning, is this a good time to go all-out with adventure, or is it more appropriate for it to be an intimate lovemaking moment?

It would not be the best time to get adventurous. You will have had a surreal and exhausting day, so don't give yourself yet another big production to plan. It will also be memorable no matter what you do, because it will be the sex you had on your wedding night. Don't risk making it regrettable. The sex is likely to be amazing just because of the emotional intensity between you.

That said, it's not a bad idea for the bride to have some nice lingerie to slip into. Not only will the groom get a visual treat, but she'll have a memento to keep and wear again on special occasions, unlike her wedding dress, which will molder in a garment bag until your grandchildren toss it out.

I would also advise you to split from the reception early, even though your family and friends will want you to stay and party all night with them. You already did that at your bachelor party. Almost everything about a wedding is for other people, but the wedding night is your time to savor the moment as a couple. Having whiskey dick and being stumbling drunk isn't very savory. 

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■ FAST AND FURIOUS

When my boyfriend and I visited his parents for a couple of weeks before a big family wedding, it was impossible to have sex. We weren't allowed to sleep in the same room, and the house was so crowded that someone was always up and around. I couldn't even masturbate to relieve my tension because I was sharing a room with both Eric's sisters. I was never alone. Even the shower didn't work because someone was always waiting to get into the bathroom after me, and it takes me a long time to come if I'm standing up.

We tried to go to the movies and get some in the car, but every time we said we were going out, one of his siblings would tag along. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd gone ten days without getting off.

Finally, we were both so frustrated that Eric got less discreet. The entire clan was at the house for a barbeque—almost 40 people including the kids—but he didn't care. Each time he was near me, he'd stop to cop a feel. If he couldn't get away with that, he'd whisper some dirty thing he wanted to do with me. A couple of his suggestions even made me blush, and I told him I had every intention of making him act on all of them when we got home—and to meet me in the laundry room in five minutes. Eric's caresses and comments had me so wet that I was afraid I'd jump him the next time he came near me.

Everybody had mellowed after dessert, and the kids were collecting fireflies when I slipped away. I locked the laundry-room door and stripped from the waist down, unable to wait another minute to get off. I'd just dipped my fingers into my slit when someone knocked on the door. Eric whispered, "Paige, are you in there?"

I almost moaned out my response before opening the door a crack to make sure he was alone. He was, so I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the room. This was going to have to be the quickest quickie in history.

Eric just laughed and said, "Hey, you started without me!"

"No, you started it. You're the one who's been feeling me up every chance you get!"

By the time we'd finished that brief conversation, Eric's shorts and boxers were off, my top was unbuttoned, and my tits were pushed up over the cups of my lace bra. He went straight for my pussy, and I was already so heated up that two fingers in my cunt and his



thumb on my clit had me coming in seconds—literally.

As soon as my legs stopped shaking, I dropped to my knees and took Eric's hard cock in my mouth. I sucked him all the way in, grabbed his ass for leverage, and bobbed my head furiously. His hands tangled in my hair as he silently urged me on, and he was ready to come soon, too. He was muffling his moans with a towel and

thrusting his hips, fucking my face like never before.

I looked up at him before pulling my head back, watching his face contort as he tried to climax quietly, and told him to come on me. He gave one last deep groan and shot his load into my open mouth and on my face and neck.

He recovered quickly and pulled me to my feet, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek by my ear, making sure he wasn't near his jizz. I just had to laugh. Then he dressed and ducked out of the laundry room while I washed up and dressed, but I left the come that had dripped down to my tits where it was. For the rest of the night, I smiled to myself every time I thought about Eric's load coating my C-cups.—P.V., South Carolina

He went straight for my pussy, and I was already so heated up that he had me coming in seconds—literally.



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my torso was between her legs and I was inches from her dewy pussy. Her pink lips were soft and inviting, and I moved in for a taste. My tongue darted out and took a soft swipe at her wet mound. She was sweet and tart, her flavor entirely unique. I wanted more. I started lapping at her pussy, licking the moisture from her nether lips and circling her clit with my tongue.

Seana moaned as I licked her, and her thighs pressed against me as she begged me to keep going. I grew more confident as she got more excited, and I slid a finger into her pussy. I'd never wanted to get someone off so much! As soon as Seana had convulsed in orgasm, she pulled me up her body to kiss me firmly on the mouth.

Her taste was still on my tongue, and sharing it with her was one of the most erotic things I'd ever done.

A moment later, Seana had me on my back, her face between my thighs. She slipped her arms under my legs and pulled me up, draping my knees over her shoulders and tilting my body at an angle that would make it easier for her to get at my cunt. Once she was comfortable, she licked and nipped my pussy enthusiastically—and with ten times the skill I'd displayed. She found new ways to drive me wild, doing things that no one I'd been with before had ever thought to try. Her lips, tongue, and fingers moved in wild new patterns, and I came so quickly that I was almost embarrassed by my lack of self-control. But Seana didn't seem bothered—she seemed proud of herself.

She didn't stop after giving me one orgasm. Seana kept sucking and nibbling and lapping and laving until she'd brought me to a second—and then a third—intense orgasm. It was amazing!

We spent the rest of the night making love to each other in so many positions that I lost count. It was the most incredible experience. She taught me so much about how to please another woman, and how to please myself. It was only a one-night stand, and I doubt I'll ever see her again, but I know I will never forget her.—L.S., *New York*

■ THE FIRST LADY

Seana is one of the hottest women I've ever met. I was out at a club with some friends when she approached me, and I was so distracted by her good looks that I could barely follow a word she said. When I finally figured it out, I realized she was asking if she could buy me a drink. I told her I'd love one before I caught on to the fact that she was hitting on me.

I'd never dated or been picked up by another woman before, but there was something about Seana that made me want to find out what it would be like. I followed her to the bar and we talked while we sipped our drinks. When our glasses were empty, Seana moved toward the dance floor, grabbing my hand and pulling me along with her.

The way Seana's hips moved as we danced was intoxicating, and I moved closer to her, until we were practically grinding against each other. Our bodies moved in sync, and we spun around each other, continuing to flirt the whole time. Song after song played, and eventually, Seana and I were making out in the middle of the dance floor.

Her lips were soft against mine, and her tongue was gentle as it probed my mouth. Her hands roamed my back, lightly caressing me, and I reciprocated, letting my fingers glide over her soft curves. Everything about her was arousing, but she seemed delicate, too. This sure wasn't

like touching the guys I'd been with.

Seana guided me toward the front of the club—and the exit. She led me out the door and I followed her into a cab and back to her apartment. I couldn't believe I'd been making out with a woman I didn't know and was about to go home with her! But there was just something about Seana. I couldn't turn away from her.

We barely pulled apart during the cab ride, and we kept kissing and touching each other as we took the elevator up to her place. She was like a drug, and I was seriously addicted. As soon as we stumbled into her apartment, we started tearing each other's clothes off, me tugging at her shirt and her pulling up my dress.

We left a trail of clothes through the apartment as Seana guided me to her bedroom, and then we were on the bed, our mouths leaving marks up and down each other's body. Her hot flesh burned against my lips, and I wanted to taste more of her. Even though I'd never slept with another woman before, I knew what I had to do next if I wanted to keep things going.

I slithered down her body until

She got more excited, and I slid a finger into her pussy. I'd never wanted to get someone off so much.

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to test how wet I was, and while his tongue was still moving against mine, he removed his finger and replaced it with his hard cock. He seemed to be in a real rush to fuck me, but I wasn't going to ask him to slow down. I'd wanted to fuck him since I'd first heard him sing.

Dan was an incredibly good lover, and even though he was fucking me fast, he was definitely pleasuring me. He kept kissing me, sometimes moving to the sweet spot on my neck or nibbling on my ear, and when he felt me start to get close to climax, he reached down to expertly strum my clit. (All that guitar practice had clearly taught him a thing or two about strumming, that's for sure!)

It took him maybe ten minutes to get me off, and when I came, it was the most explosive climax I'd ever experienced. My whole body convulsed, and my pussy spasmed like crazy as he started to shoot into me. It was the best sex I'd ever had!

Now, whenever Dan plays the coffee shop, we go out after and hook up. We've even taken some of his other groupies home after shows for the occasional threesome. He may not be a rock star yet, but he's definitely fulfilled all my "sex with a rock star" fantasies!—Name and address withheld

■ THE BED'S A-ROCKIN'

There's this hot musician, Dan, who plays a show every week at the coffee shop I frequent. He's tall and trim, with long hair and a really sexy voice. He plays a lot of love songs, and all the women at the coffee shop line up to buy his CDs. For a local musician, he has a lot of really loyal groupies. I'm one of the most loyal, and when I missed a few shows while I was traveling, I actually felt guilty. Guilty enough that I vowed to buy a new CD when I got home.

The next time I made it to a show, I went up to buy a CD, but before I could make my purchase, Dan stopped me and told me that he'd missed seeing me the past few weeks. I had no idea he'd even noticed me in the crowd, but I was thrilled. He asked if I wanted to have a drink with him after his show, and I happily took him up on the offer. I couldn't say no to someone so hot!

We went to the bar down the street, and one drink turned into two, and the next thing I knew, the hot musician and I were playing tonsil hockey in a dark corner. I love his songs, but I was

beginning to think that he would have twice as many fans if he kissed them all the way he was kissing me.

I was still in shock that I was actually making out with him when he asked me if I wanted to get out of there. I just nodded and took his hand so he could lead me out of the bar. He lived a little farther down the street, and we made out all the way back to his place, stumbling down the sidewalk and walking into walls.

Inside the apartment, the sensitive singer turned into a take-charge lover, and he practically ripped off my clothes as he took me into his bedroom. I, of course, reciprocated, and soon our clothing was piled up on the floor while we lay tangled together on his full-size bed. Dan kept kissing me as he slid a finger into me

He kept kissing me, and when he felt me start to get close to climax, he reached down to expertly strum my clit.



■ SHE'S EXPECTING ... AN ORGASM

When my wife was pregnant, she was horny all the time. She could barely go a few hours without throwing herself at me and begging to be fucked. She was maybe three months along when her urges were the worst—or, I guess, the best. She wasn't showing yet, and she hadn't started getting crazy food cravings, but she wanted to fuck 24 hours a day.

One morning, after my shower, I opened the bathroom door to find Alice standing on the other side. I thought maybe she was having another bout of morning sickness, since she looked so anxious to get into the bathroom, but that wasn't the problem. She was horny!

She pushed her way into the bathroom. I had a towel around my waist, and she immediately tugged it loose and let it drop to the floor. She got down on her knees, using the towel as padding against the hard tile floor, then leaned in to suck my dick. Alice was wearing a thin, oversize T-shirt, and since the bathroom was still hot and steamy from my shower, the moisture in the air made the white shirt clingy and almost transparent. I could see her nipples clearly through her nightshirt, and the sight, along with her lips on my shaft, quickly had me hard as a rock.

She got on her feet as soon as I was ready and pushed me onto the closed toilet seat. I sat down with a thud, and before I could move, Alice was on me, straddling my hips as she slid into my lap. Her hot, wet cunt lips brushed my hard cock as she settled herself on my thighs, and I felt my dick jump at the touch.

Alice ground against me for a moment, teasing me with her juicy pussy, before lifting herself up a bit and sliding my shaft into her slit and sinking all the way down. She started riding me the second I was enveloped in her cunt, and she rode me hard, thrusting and grinding and swiveling her hips every which way. It wasn't easy to control myself with her fucking me so aggressively, but I wanted her to come, too.

With the way Alice was thrusting up and down on my cock, I knew it wouldn't take her long to reach her climax, and I wrapped my hands around her still-slim waist to help her set a faster pace. My cock was pulsing with desire, and then my balls started to tingle. I had to help Alice get off as soon as possible, or I'd finish before



she had a chance to come.

I started thrusting up into her, meeting her stroke for stroke, and when she started gasping, I knew she was close. It only took a few more seconds, and a half-dozen thrusts, before she started crying out in ecstasy. I felt her juices sliding over my shaft and her pussy muscles massaging my dick as she rode me through her orgasm, and it was enough to set off my explosion.

I was barely over my orgasm when Alice slipped off of my slowly softening dick, pulled off her nightshirt, and hopped in the shower, turning the water on and closing the curtain. I shook my head at her quick change in mood, picked up my towel, wiped myself down, and went back to getting ready for work.

That scene repeated itself many times over the next six months, with Alice's sex cravings almost impossible to sate. Not that I'm complaining! Cock is the best pregnancy craving I'd ever heard of. I only hope she's as lusty when we go for a second.—
T.W., Alaska

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■ GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Last week I had the most outrageous experience, and I've got to tell you, I know it's a Forum letter cliché, but I never thought anything like this would happen to me. I work evenings, till midnight, so by the time I get home, my fiancée is either already in bed or on her way. On Friday nights, though, she usually goes out with her girlfriends, so I don't see her at all.

Last Friday, her car was still in the driveway when I got home, and there were lights on in the living room. I was surprised to see she was at home, but I figured she was too tired to go out. When I walked into the house, however, I discovered Hannah wasn't alone.

As I moved through the kitchen toward the living room, I started hearing noises. It sounded like someone panting, but that didn't make any sense, so I assumed Hannah had the volume turned up while she watched a movie. I crossed into the dining room and turned toward the living room, and the noise got louder. It sounded like more than one person was moaning and gasping for breath and—shit, could she be watching porn?!

Nope, not porn. What I found blew my mind. My fiancée was making out with one of her girlfriends while another of their friends sat nearby, watching them and fondling herself. Holy shit!

Hannah is bisexual, so I knew she'd hooked up with women before. Hell, we'd had more than a few threesomes over the course of our relationship, always with another girl. But I'd never watched her with a woman, never mind two. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

One of the floorboards creaked as I stepped into the living room to get a closer look, and all the women looked up at me. My fiancée isn't shy at all, but I thought she'd be at least a little put off by having me walk in on her. But she didn't seem the least bit bothered. She just smiled and waved me over, saying, "Join us, sweetheart," before turning her attention back to the woman in her lap. Again—holy shit!

I finally got a good look at the women with her. She was making out with her friend Liza and—I couldn't believe my eyes—her friend Annie was the one fondling herself. Liza I understood. We'd had a threesome with her about a year ago. But Annie? Annie was the most conservative of Hannah's friends. Or that's what I'd always believed. I guess I was wrong.



I wasn't really sure how to get involved in the scene they had going, but Annie helped me out. Actually, she practically pounced on me. She got up off the couch, where she'd been sitting just a couple of feet away from Hannah and Liza, and came over to me. She immediately pulled at my shirt, tugging it out of my pants and ripping the buttons open with practiced skill.

Annie undressed me faster than I'd ever thought possible, and then she was on her knees, one hand stroking my cock while the other fondled my sac. She was talented, to say the least, and she had me extremely hard—and extremely excited—in no time. Watching Hannah and Liza wasn't hurting, either. My fiancée and her girlfriend were no longer just kissing. Their hands were all over each other, and as I watched, Liza thrust a finger between my Hannah's taut, tan thighs.

I'd never watched my fiancée with a woman, never mind two. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

As Annie took my cock in her mouth, I heard Hannah moan with pleasure from Liza fingering her, and my eyes rolled back in my head as I savored the sensations. Annie was sucking me to beat the band, and Liza had moved down to eat Hannah's pussy. I watched as my fiancée was eaten to a shuddering orgasm by her best friend, then I gave in to the ecstasy of Annie's expert blowjob.

Annie brought me to the brink of climax and backed off, over and over again, before she finally let me explode. She swallowed every drop of come that shot out of me, and then pulled me to the floor.

Now I was in the middle of the three of them, and it was impossible to resist touching them all. I reached for Annie and Liza while Hannah sat between my knees and started stroking my thighs. We all fondled one another for a while, until Liza spread her legs wide and invited me to taste her. She was tangier than my fiancée, spicy somehow, and I dove in deep, hungrily sucking up her juices.

Meanwhile, Annie straddled Liza's head and Liza started eating Annie's pussy while I worked on hers. Soon, I noticed Annie moaning each time I sucked Liza's clit or thrust my tongue

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hard into her, and I realized that Liza was copying my movements. Annie came at almost the same time Liza did—thanks to my expert cunt-licking, of course—and the two of them thrashed together.

With everyone having climaxed at least once, we reconfigured, and Annie got on top of me so she could fuck me. My cock had gotten hard again as soon as it was suggested that I fuck all three women that night, so Annie slid easily down my shaft, her ass coming to rest on my thighs. She fucked me hard, her slender little body moving quickly as she thrust up and down at a frenzied pace. It didn't take Annie long to come again, and she quickly lifted herself off me to give Hannah a turn.

My fiancée likes fucking doggie-style best, so I waited for her to get on all fours before I positioned myself behind her. I hadn't come while fucking Annie, and I hoped I'd be able to outlast Hannah, too, so I could fuck Liza at the end. Still, I didn't want to short-change Hannah, and I fucked her with all I had. I slammed in and out of her cunt, my balls loudly smacking against her as I plowed her. That's how she likes it, and that's how I gave it to her. She climaxed, screaming loudly, and knew I was getting close, too, so

she pulled away from me as quickly as she could to keep me from coming.

I was ready for Liza. She wanted to be fucked in the missionary position, and I put her legs over my shoulders so I could go deep. Then I absolutely pounded her, fucking her as hard as I possibly could, while Hannah reached between us to ply her clit. Liza came quickly, and as she exploded, her cunt muscles spasming wildly around my dick, I shot a hot, steaming load into her twat.

By the time we'd come down from our orgasms, I needed a rest. I got up to get some bottled water from the fridge, then rejoined my wife and her friends. That's when Hannah told me that she and the girls were turning their "girls' night in" into a sleepover. I quickly chugged my water and started to stroke my cock so I could get hard again. It seemed like I had a long night of fucking ahead of me!—*D.C., New Mexico*

We all fondled each other for a while, until Liza spread her legs wide and invited me to taste her.



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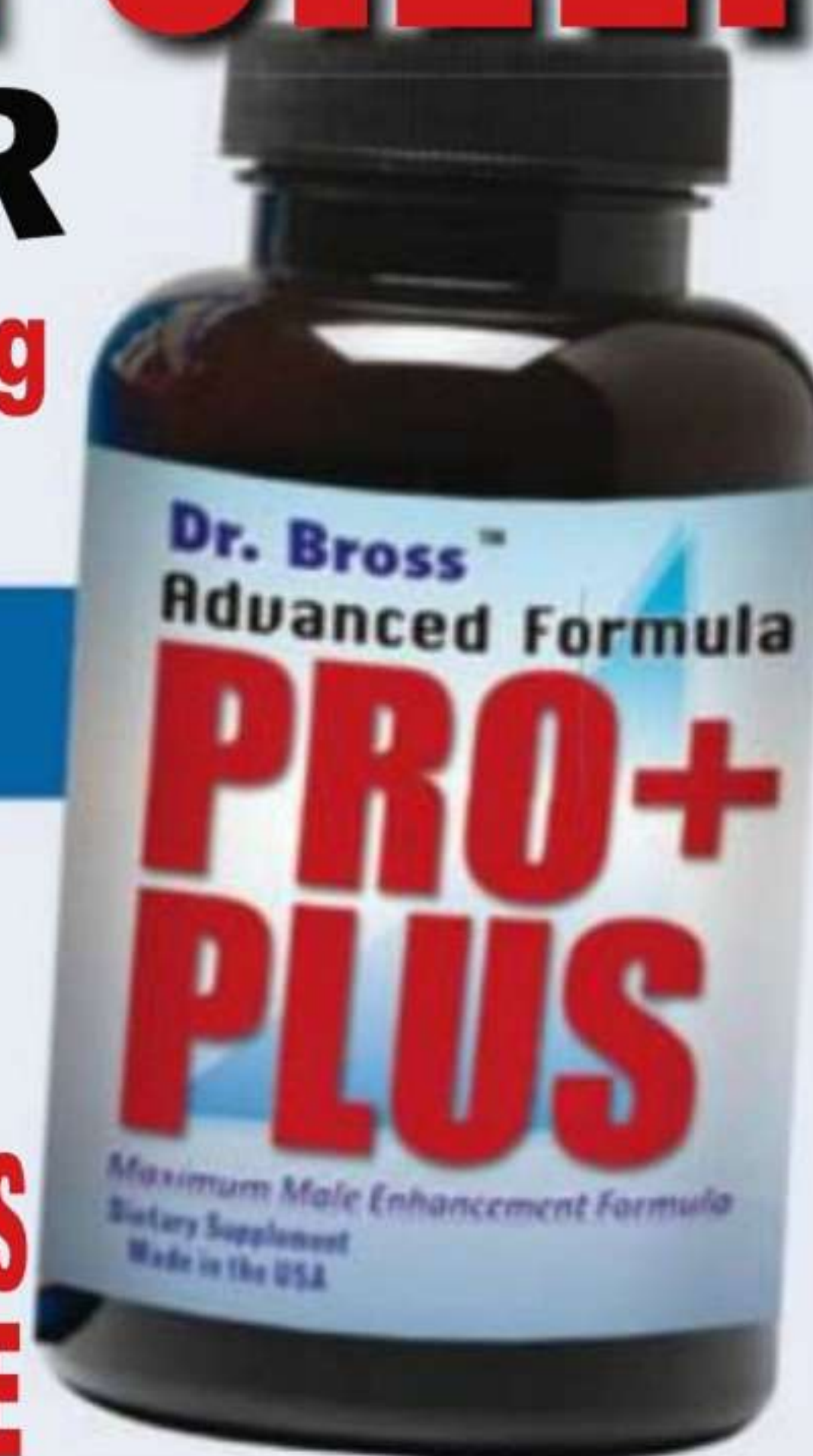


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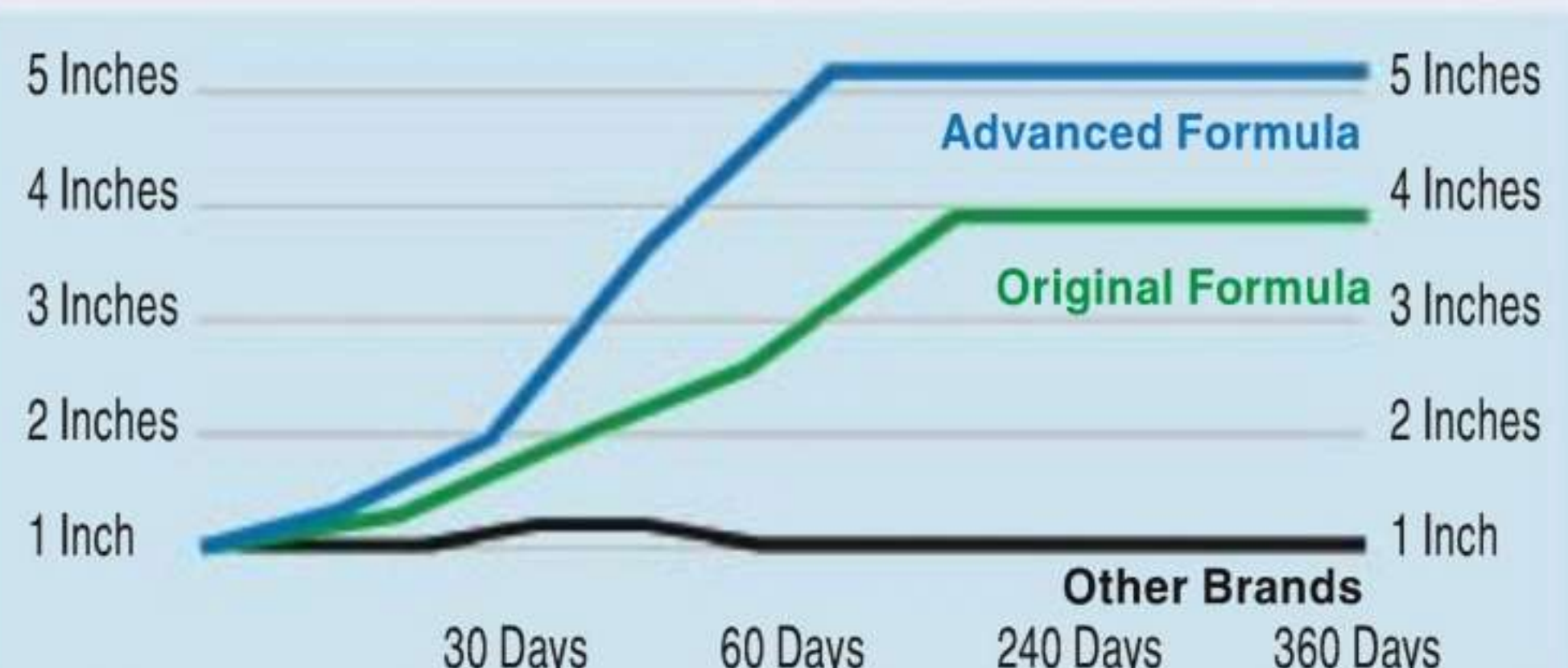
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